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THE EVE OF THE ELECTIONS.

IT is impossible to part, without some little pang of regret, with a Parliament the dissolution of which closes a most memorable era in English history. The roll of the Parliaments elected under the Reform Bill of 1832 is now closed, and nothing more, whether good or bad, is to be expected from them. We know exactly what they have done and what they have failed to do; and even if, in the later stages of their history, they manifested great shortcomings, yet it may fairly be said of them that, on the whole, they carried the nation through the steps of an enormous progress, and that the general course of their legislation was beneficial and wise. We are now going to take our first leap in the dark, and see what kind of House of Commons will be returned by an electoral body the elements of which are as yet unknown. It is always well to hope for the best, and we may hope that the new Parliament will be all that could be wished. But there is something to be feared of before the Parliament itself, and that is the mode in which the elections will be conducted. What will the elections that begin next week be like? Will it be the old story of bribery and bullying and riots and drunkenness? Or are things to be conducted in a new and better way, and has the Corrupt Practices Bill of last Session struck terror into the hearts of election agents? We fear that he would be a very sanguine man who could believe that the elections are in the least likely to be conducted in a manner creditable to the country. We have got so thoroughly into the habit of praising to ourselves all our insular customs, that it is scarcely any use questioning the accepted maxim that there is something noble and invigorating, or peculiarly English and pleasant, in the licence of election mobs, in the confusion and anarchy which prevails on these occasions, and in the general holiday and fête-day of rascaldom which is then celebrated. The enterprising foreigner who is theoretically supposed to visit an English borough on election day is admitted to be incapable of understanding what there is to be proud of in all this. But then there are so many things which foreigners cannot understand, and which it is delightful to think they were not meant by nature to understand. But leaving aside this, and accepting rotten eggs and dead cats and libellous placards and the cheering presence of bludgeon men as all British institutions in their way, and practically of no account, what is the prospect as to the elections? Will they be of a worse or better type than elections were in the era that has now come to an end? Certainly, of whatever kind they may be, and however the rival parties may behave, there will be no want of contests. Almost every constituency where a contest was more than a farce, and many constituencies where it is a farce, will furnish us this time with materials for estimating how contested elections are likely to be conducted. There is a process going on, of bringing forward Conservative candidates at what is called the eleventh hour, which certainly tends to keep the country alive. Who knows what will happen, or what seat will be really uncontested? Possibly a Conservative candidate may be brought forward even for Sutherlandshire, and bring his arms of precision to bear on the Duke's barbaric hordes.

In the first place, it is a matter of general notoriety that the legitimate expenses of the present election will be enormous. The cost of standing for a borough, and still more for a county, under the new system, is most serious. It is true that some candidates curtail their expenditure, but then they lessen their chances. The number of persons who are paid to canvass, paid to be on committees, paid to look after voters, paid to look after the other paid persons, is beyond the

bounds of all previous experience. An election contest like that in North Lancashire, where two great houses are fighting, without any stint or shrinking, for political power in a wide and varied district, is conducted in the most magnificent manner. This is exceptional certainly; it is the grand contest of the day, and the payments, of a kind which neither party can object to in the other, promise to reach a figure that will be very exhilarating and creditable to the North country generally. But everywhere, in a minor degree, the same process is going on, and candidates are called on to pay more and more. Printers will make fortunes, and the Post Office will gain an appreciable accession of revenue in consequence of the new fashion of sending masses of printed matter to every elector, and a stamped envelope ready for his reply as to what he thinks of the person who sends them. Whether intimidation and bribery will be diminished we scarcely like to hazard a guess. There will be less of direct coercion, probably, on the part of great landlords, and even Dukes will perhaps not like to do much more than to fine parsons who vote the wrong way by withholding subscriptions to schools. But coercion and intimidation in agricultural districts are not likely to lead to such immediate and manifest evils as coercion and intimidation in manufacturing towns; and Blackburn, with its organized Conservative bullies, shows what can be done in this way. The general tendency, too, of English social administration at present, is to encourage and develop the tendency of mobs to trample on and plunder every one who hurts their feelings by wearing a good coat, and this tendency may be expected to make itself conspicuous enough in the early part of next week. That the Corrupt Practices Bill has done good is unquestionable. The terror of the Judges is sufficient to have made old offenders hesitate, and to inspire the most practised and adroit constituencies with an unwonted wariness. But that bribery is going on and will go on is unfortunately beyond doubt. The warning given last Session as to the inexpediency of letting the Parliamentary elections be immediately preceded by the municipal elections has been amply justified. Municipal electors have been bribed wholesale; and as the scale of payment for votes at municipal elections is ordinarily low, enthusiastic election agents are congratulating themselves on the knowing manner in which they have bought whole flocks of voters dirt cheap. And it must be allowed that there are great advantages in this operation; for not only are the electors thus got at a figure far below their proper market price, but the transaction is quite beyond the reach of judicial inquiry. The candidate for a seat in Parliament is not in any way affected by transactions of a painful kind, and which he would be the first to reprehend, that have happened to be going on a few days before, when a common-councillor or alderman or mayor was to be elected. He happens to employ the same agent as the mayor did, and the man who took half a crown for voting for the mayor chooses subsequently to vote for him; but he cannot possibly be blamed for that. Not, however, that the old fire is yet burned out. There is, we fear, bribery going on of the ancient and accustomed kind; and if candidates still hesitate, there are in many boroughs gangs of the old unscrupulous ruffians and their tools, who have been hawking about London for the last two months what they swear are safe seats for gentlemen as are gentlemen, and will spend their money as gentlemen should do.

Still, on the whole, it may be hoped, perhaps, that there will be an improvement in the manner of conducting the elections, if for no other reason, because so many of the worst boroughs have been disfranchised. Now, as heretofore, the great bulk of boroughs will return members representing the real wishes of the constituents, and, as Mr. DISRAELI

has truly said on more than one occasion, bribery has never in modern days interfered with the genuine decision of the country. In spite of mob rows and bludgeon men and arms of precision, in the felicitous language of Lord HARTINGTON, loaded with gold and wadded with banknotes, the real wishes of the country will be made known in a rude, but still effective, way. It is not the longest purse or the most ferocious or crafty body of election agents, but the honest political convictions of the English public, that will practically determine, before another week is out, the two main points submitted to its judgment—the fate of the Ministry, and the fate of the Irish Church. Unless they have some wonderful strokes of success in the English boroughs, there would seem to be no chance for the Conservatives. They may gain or lose in the counties; but any gain they may get is sure to be balanced by the increased majority which Scotland will return against them. The seats really in dispute in Ireland will make little difference either way, and the English boroughs, therefore, will settle the policy of the country for many years to come. It is to be hoped that, if they settle it in the direction of a new Ministry and the disestablishment of the Irish Church, they will so settle it as to leave no doubt as to their decision. Mr. GATHORNE HARDY spoke the words of sense and wisdom when he said that he longed for an unmistakable determination one way or the other. The bitterness and ill-feeling stirred up by dealing with the Irish Church as Mr. GLADSTONE proposes to deal with it would be increased tenfold if the fatal blow were given by a hesitating Ministry and a feeble and precarious majority. The kindest thing to do is to put the Irish Church out of its pain at once, if it is to be politically extinguished. For the difficulties of the task that lies before the Liberal leaders must not be underrated. There is, first, the great difficulty of appropriating the surplus revenues of the Church in an honest, straightforward, satisfactory manner; and secondly, there is the difficulty, of which little account has yet been taken, of so constituting the Irish Church, and so fixing its legal position, as to avoid awakening a fear in the minds of Englishmen that disestablished Churches will be handed over to the tyranny of cliques, and become the hotbeds of a new-fangled and paltry fanaticism. These difficulties can only be overcome by a strong Ministry, and by a majority so large and so compact that the Government will have a fair chance of having its proposals adopted if they will bear discussion. There is no great reason to apprehend that a Liberal Government will be too strong, and will be able to force on the country an unsatisfactory and one-sided settlement of the main matters in dispute. What is to be feared is that a Parliament should meet, giving the Liberals a majority that could not be relied on, and which would split up as often as a plausible ground of difference could be shown. It would be much better for the country to have a Conservative majority, or so near an approach to an equality of votes as to put an end for the time to all projects of dealing boldly with the Irish Church, than to have a Liberal Government just strong enough to propose a sweeping measure, but not strong enough to carry it. A weak Liberal Government at the present crisis would be a national calamity, and it is a calamity from which we may hope the English boroughs will in a week's time have effectually guarded us.

AMERICA.

THE election of General GRANT offers to his countrymen a fair prospect of overcoming the political difficulties which have outlived secession and war. The largeness of the majority seems to prove that the Republicans could have elected any candidate who might have represented the party; but, by a fortunate accident, they were compelled to make their choice at the moment when the blunders of their leaders had caused an apparent reaction. If they had been confident of success they would probably have preferred an extreme partisan to a neutral politician; but the popularity of General GRANT was great enough to decide the election, and it was not unlikely that he might accept a Democratic nomination if the Republicans neglected to court his alliance. Bringing to the aid of his party great additional strength, General GRANT has been able to avoid the pledges and engagements which have often hampered former Presidents. His natural gift of silence has been judiciously cultivated throughout the contest, and his supporters are consequently wholly ignorant of his opinion on any of the disputed questions which agitate the community. His acceptance of the Chicago Resolutions was guarded and indefinite, as became a candidate who was chosen because he had performed great public services, and not in consideration

of devotion to any party doctrines. Historians and military critics will hereafter determine the position of GRANT among great military commanders. Whatever may be his strategic merits, his campaigns indicate the possession of qualities which are as useful to a statesman as to a soldier. Even if his skill were questioned, there can be no doubt of his inflexible determination. He persevered in the siege of Vicksburg against the opinion of some of his ablest lieutenants, and he was the first of the Federal generals who understood that enormous numerical superiority would be best utilized by an entire indifference to losses. His slow and final advance on Richmond was justified by the calculation that after a dozen battles the defenders would be largely reduced in strength, while the Northern reinforcements would replace the expenditure of life as fast as it occurred. When his own pertinacity and the success of SHERMAN's march had rendered LEE's further resistance almost impossible, General GRANT displayed both generosity and political forethought in offering the Confederate general honourable terms of capitulation. Three years before, when it was necessary to inspire the army and the Government with confidence, he had insisted on the unconditional surrender of Fort Donelson. At Appomattox Court House, when it had become unnecessary to consider the forms and ceremonies of a complete triumph, he secured the final completion of a war which might perhaps have lingered on for weeks or months; and he relieved the Government from the necessity of granting or refusing an amnesty to the conquered army. Since the conclusion of peace General GRANT has exercised, to the general satisfaction, administrative functions almost as important as the duties of the President. No civil or military functionary has taken so active a part in reducing the army within the limits of a peace establishment. As far as possible he abstained from betraying any political bias in the discharge of his office, until his rupture with the President on the question of the dismissal of Mr. STANTON. As he was assuredly not unkindly to the South three years ago, it seems reasonable to expect that when he is at the head of the Government he will adopt, as far as possible, a conciliatory policy. General GRANT had the good fortune to perform the exploits which have rendered him famous while he was still in the prime of life, and therefore not too old to learn. At the age of thirty-five he found himself the first citizen of his country, and it may be assumed that, as Commander-in-Chief of the army and as designated President, he has accustomed himself to the study of grave political questions. An elected ruler chosen by a decisive majority enjoys, almost as fully as an hereditary king, the great advantage of an undisputed title. Secure in his personal position, General GRANT will be at leisure to devote all his energies to the discharge of his duties.

The PRESIDENT elect can scarcely fail to regard with secret complacency the checks which his own political allies have experienced in the elections for Congress. For two years, by a strange anomaly, a majority of three-fourths of the House of Representatives has administered the affairs of a community in which the two parties were divided in the proportion of nine to seven. The power of overruling the veto of the PRESIDENT has entirely altered the working of the Constitution, and Mr. JOHNSON has been deprived of a great part of the powers which had always been exercised by his predecessors. The Senate will for the present still contain a Republican majority of two-thirds; but, unless several of the elections are reversed, the Democrats will have nearly a hundred votes in the future House of Representatives. General GRANT may perhaps not have occasion to risk any collision with Congress; but the knowledge that in the last resort he can refuse his assent to a Bill will be an additional security for harmonious action. It is not improbable that the strict discipline which has united the Republican party may be gradually relaxed when there is no longer a hostile President to watch and to resist. General BUTLER, although he has been again returned to Congress, will no longer be allowed to predominate in the councils of the party; and it is nearly certain that he will wait for opportunities of gratifying his ill-will to General GRANT. It happens that the election has not decided any political issues except the legal validity of the reconstruction laws. The mass of the people in three-fourths of the Northern States were determined that General BLAIR's plan of declaring the Acts unconstitutional and void should not be adopted; but the whole question of Southern organization will force itself on Congress for reconsideration. The assaults and murders which are reported from several parts of the South ought to convey to the Legislature warning, as well as to impress it with indignation. It is becoming more and more evident that negro supremacy can only be maintained by military

force, or, in other words, that the Southern States must be governed either by the Federal army or by their own citizens. One of the wisest and ablest of Northern Democrats lately received well-deserved credit for the salutary advice which he addressed to the people of South Carolina. The Republicans who justly applauded the speech which Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS delivered at Charleston can scarcely refuse to listen to the supplementary remarks which he addressed to his own neighbours on his return to Massachusetts. The steady and experienced friend of order and of union declares that he has seen no process or effect of reconstruction which ought not to be abolished. The offices of South Carolina are held, through negro suffrage, by the Northern strangers and adventurers who are described in the local dialect by well-known epithets of opprobrium. Not one of the public functionaries would, according to Mr. ADAMS, have the smallest chance of holding his office under a free system of election; and the real power which governs the State is not the negro vote, but the bayonet in the background. It is highly improbable that General GRANT should approve of the perversely artificial system which was established by Congress as a punishment, and not as a mode of promoting Southern prosperity. As it has been often and truly asserted, reconstruction will have, sooner or later, to begin again at the beginning. There is not the smallest doubt that the discontented white inhabitants will be ultimately remitted to their right of self-government; but it is too probable that the negroes will pay heavy penalties for their brief enjoyment of ostensible power.

It is not known whether General GRANT supports sound doctrines of finance, nor are the questions which relate to the national debt subject to the decision of the PRESIDENT. For the moment the victory of the Republican party may probably tend to improve public credit, but the re-election of General BUTLER by a Massachusetts district proves that even by the Republican party the question is still considered open. The most shameless advocate of repudiation and of the plunder of the national creditor will be a leading member of the majority in Congress; and the Democrats will devote all the additional strength which they have recently acquired to the destruction of public good faith. The unanimity of the defeated party is strikingly illustrated by the speeches of Mr. SEYMOUR on the eve of the election. No politician in the United States had been more honourably distinguished by his condemnation of the fraudulent sophisms of the PENDLETONS and BUTLERS; yet Mr. SEYMOUR, after making himself thoroughly acquainted with the opinions of his supporters, has thought it expedient at the last moment to recommend the payment of the Five-Twenty Bonds in paper currency. If an able and experienced man of business had been convinced by the reasoning of opponents, it might have been worth while to examine the arguments which had satisfied his understanding; but the conversion of Mr. SEYMOUR proves, not that repudiation has become more plausible, but that it is acceptable to a large portion of the community. It is not too much to say that the quibbles which have been devised by the Western Democrats, and adopted by several of the Republican leaders, have already cost the people of the United States a considerable fraction of the gain which would be secured by the total repudiation of the debt. If the honesty of the nation had been as undoubted as its resources, a great part of the debt might have been easily paid in full, and borrowed at an easier rate of interest. Honest and clear-sighted speakers and writers have not failed to urge again and again the elementary proposition, that the improvement of credit is the first step to the alleviation of the burden; but Mr. SEYMOUR, counting heads, has arrived at the conclusion that the most advantageous course for a candidate is to adopt a policy of fraud. If any impartial friend of the United States had previously regretted the failure of Mr. SEYMOUR, his accession to the party of repudiation will have alienated a mistaken sympathy.

MR. DISRAELI IN THE CITY.

MR. DISRAELI is very fortunate in one respect. If he makes a joke, it is pronounced, as a matter of course, to be a good one. Whatever he likes to hazard is welcomed as a triumph of audacity and art. That what he says should be constantly accepted as a pleasing and outrageous extravagance, a thing quite apart from real life and to be regarded only as a part of the performance he is engaged to offer, does not in the least injure him, lower his character, or weaken his position. There is not the slightest use in being severe, or moral, or indignant about him. There he is, successful in a peculiar

way as few men in any nation or any age have been successful; and as the world has crowned him with glory, there is something of folly in harping on the audacious manner in which he appeals to the passing credulity of his hearers. Still, when the only point of a Prime Minister's speech on a great public occasion consists in his saying something which beats all expectation of what even he would say, there is not much to criticize in his speech if his flights of happy audacity are passed over in silence. The two chief triumphs of this happy audacity, on Monday night, were his assumption, as a matter of certainty, that this time next year he will still be Prime Minister, and his expression of a conviction that the Conservatives will have a majority in the present election. As all his hearers knew that, so far as anything human is certain, it is certain that the Ministry will be in a minority and go out of office, it came upon them as a telling surprise that Mr. DISRAELI should venture to ignore this certainty, and even assume that the exact reverse was certain. The joke lay in the calmness with which a man in so eminent a position set himself suddenly against the persuasions and beliefs of all around him. Unless his audience had known that he knew he had no conviction of a Conservative majority being even possible, and unless it had also known that he was perfectly aware every one knew him not to have this conviction, there would have been no fun at all. And his attack on the Liberals was quite in the same vein. He derided them for crowing over the victory they think they are going to win, and compared them to savages who go to the field of battle as to the scene of assured victory, with yells and shouts and a horrid clang of arms. The point of this humorous comparison lay in the fact that, as every one must have remembered, the anticipation of a certain though unlooked-for victory came originally, not from the Liberals, but from the Conservatives. It was Mr. DISRAELI himself who last summer, in one of his most audacious flights, expressed to a House of Commons struck dumb with astonishment his conviction that there was a secret, unknown, undiscovered Conservative majority in the country. These elections are held to show that he was right, and as the time draws near the Liberals naturally begin to ask where this Conservative majority is. They cannot help coming to the conclusion that, as it has hid itself so long and so completely, it may not improbably go on hiding itself until the elections are over. But Mr. DISRAELI is not to be baffled. He will not let them enjoy their triumph without a parting shot at them. He asks them how on earth they know that a mysterious Conservative force is not still going to reveal itself, and whether they have never heard of vast bodies of savages being overwhelmed by a small body of disciplined troops, whose calmness is unruffled, and who keep undisclosed to the last the fatal secret of their confidence. As in an election the trial is simply to count heads and find whether the savages or the calm troops are the more numerous, the parallel is not quite perfect. But for that kind of fun which consists in going, in an odd, sudden manner, far beyond what the speaker can be expected to say—the kind of fun which pervades most good American stories—it may fairly be called a happy hit that Mr. DISRAELI, addressing a Liberal candidate and in the centre of a Liberal constituency, should, in the very week of the dissolution, have appeared to take for granted that his hidden Conservative majority was a reality, although its existence could only be revealed at a very late moment.

Mr. DISRAELI had, in fact, merely the choice of either making jokes of this kind, or dealing entirely in platitudes, and, to the great satisfaction and enjoyment of his hearers, he preferred the former. Some platitudes of course he offered them. An after-dinner speech without platitudes would be an insult to the toastmaster. The familiar reference to the merits of Lord STANLEY was made, and was more than usually justified by the previous speech of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, announcing a settlement of the disputes between England and America. The citizens of London were also reminded that in their various corporate capacities they were large owners of land, and that they had better take care how they began to favour wicked schemes of confiscation. But besides a few platitudes and a few jokes Mr. DISRAELI took care not to go. He had nothing to say on current politics that would bear saying. Twice lately he has tried startling effects as if he were serious in using them, and both times he has failed. He first thought that it would have an excellent sensational success if he asserted that the disestablishment of the Irish Church would be a worse evil to the country than a foreign conquest. But this would not do at all. It was too absurd, and everybody laughed

at him, and not with him, for trying it. The dangers of the Irish Church affect him much more lightly than they did; and he would only have made himself ridiculous if he had on Monday night entreated his hearers to agree with him in thinking that a new arrangement as to the Church in Ireland ought reasonably to grieve and alarm them more than if he had been obliged to announce in the course of his speech that the Channel fleet had been blown to pieces, and the French were landing unopposed on Dover Pier. The "No-Popery" cry has equally disappointed him. It seemed as if simple, honest, unreflecting people might be trusted to be a good deal agitated and alarmed by a Prime Minister declaring that if the Irish Church were disestablished there would no more be any Protestantism anywhere. But the English public, if not very wise, could not stand this. It was obvious that a Prime Minister who spoke in this way must think Protestantism a very poor, and even ridiculous, thing. If it would fade away directly like a dream in the morning before the rising sun of Romanism unless the Irish Bishops sat in the House of Lords, it must be one of the hollowest and most trumpety religions that ever deluded civilized men. The reply rises so naturally to the lips even of the simplest critic, If the Protestant religion is true—which in addressing ordinary Englishmen must be assumed as true—why should a true religion, fervently supported by many millions of Englishmen, die out before a religion less true, and exceedingly opposed to English feelings and tastes? The guests of the LORD MAYOR would have resented any attempt to palm off on them pieces of bad rhetoric as serious truths. They would have been indignant if they had had reason to suppose that they were the sort of people for whom MR. DISRAELI's paradoxes about foreign conquest and the extinction of Protestantism were intended; and MR. DISRAELI has far too much tact to cast his sham pearls down where there is no chance whatever of their being taken for real ones. He knew how to tickle the fancy of his audience, and rightly calculated that if he left the Irish Church alone, he might venture, and would delight all present by venturing, to speak of himself as a Prime Minister whose Premiership would confessedly last for ever, and who would be perpetually supported by secret and inscrutable forces which would always turn his apparent minority into an invisible, but still working and practical, majority.

That MR. DISRAELI spoke merely in joke when he delighted and bewildered his hearers by talking of an assured Conservative majority was assumed by all who listened to him on Monday, and by most of those who criticized him on Tuesday. But it is just possible that he really was in earnest. It is whispered that, in the very highest Conservative circles, a belief prevails even now that the Government will have, if not an absolute majority, yet a following short by a very small number of an equality of votes. We have not the least notion what the grounds of this belief are supposed to be, and do not profess to account for MR. DISRAELI's entertaining it, if he does entertain it. But if he did happen to entertain it—if on Monday he really meant that he thought the public was entirely mistaken, that the Liberals were reckoning on a majority they would never have, and that he himself would continue in office for at least another year—what a very singular position he must have found himself in! It would certainly be the first time in history that a Prime Minister, stating a sincere belief, on the eve of an election, that he would secure a majority, was instantly received as the contributor of a thoroughly good joke for the amusement of a casual audience. It was bad enough, if he meant the joke, that he should have to make it, and that he should have thought audacious jesting was the only road to the approval of his hearers. But not to have meant a joke at all, and to have been merely describing what he believed to be the real position of the Conservatives, and then to have been greeted as a most successful humourist telling an after-dinner bouncer in his best style, must have been a mortification even to a man who has learnt to bear all mortifications with the patience of his race. It is just possible that MR. DISRAELI really thought that he and his party might be fairly compared to Lord NAPIER, with his small body of well-armed troops, waiting the fruitless attack of Abyssinian savages; but his hearers, far from trying to see whether the comparison was just, immediately accepted it as a bit of his fun. Either way the position was but a poor one for a Prime Minister. With all his ability, MR. DISRAELI never rises to that height which a Prime Minister of the better order ordinarily reaches. He never speaks in the name of England and the English people. He always speaks with reference to himself and his party, and never soars higher than saying something of himself or his party that is mysterious and paradoxical. This habit is at times a

great loss to him, for, like many audacious jesters, he cannot say anything, however serious, which he can be sure will be taken in earnest. He threw out a sort of hint, on Monday, that England might mediate between France and Prussia. It seemed at first, to some of the leaders of Parisian opinion, that this was a very important suggestion, and one likely to be fruitful of beneficial consequences, until, on further reflection, and enlightened by the mode in which other parts of his speech had been received in England, they came to the conclusion that this too was a joke, and was only an invention to gain votes at the election. Jokes of this sort are certainly inconvenient; but those who regret or resent them may console themselves by reflecting that we shall soon probably be carried into the other extreme, and that we shall have in MR. GLADSTONE a Premier who is incapable of a joke, and whose voluminous earnestness remains exactly the same after dinner as before.

CANDIDATES AND CONSTITUENCIES.

BY the end of next week it will be determined whether MR. GLADSTONE's majority approaches to a hundred or considerably exceeds that number. A prudent Liberal, although in his own county or borough he must vote with his party, might perhaps doubt whether the victory may not be too complete. It is, indeed, the interest of all parties that the abolition of the Irish Church should be summarily effected before a lingering struggle has involved in a common risk far more valuable institutions; but, except on occasions when a single issue requires an immediate decision, a Minister may not derive unmixed advantage from the command of irresistible numbers. It is often convenient to remind eager partisans that a Government is not omnipotent in legislation, inasmuch as it is compelled to consult the susceptibilities of Parliament. Even a Cave of Adullam, if not too thickly inhabited, might be turned to serviceable purposes by a skilful Parliamentary manager; but MR. GLADSTONE, while he especially stands in need of occasional checks and hindrances, is only anxious to strengthen all the forces which impel him in his onward course. The most impulsive, unsettled, and enthusiastic of statesmen never looks ahead. The Irish Church is to be demolished, and the expenditure reduced; and then MR. GLADSTONE, with an irresistible majority at his back, will for the first time make up his mind on questions which he has never yet considered. It is evident, from his recent speeches, that he has formed no opinion on the land-tenure of Ireland; nor has he perhaps become fully aware that future political agitations will assume an entirely new character. MR. FAWCETT repeated the other day at Brighton an apocryphal anecdote, in which MR. GLADSTONE told MR. BRIGIT that the Liberal party must inscribe on its banner the words "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform." It is scarcely credible that Parliamentary leaders should in their private conversation talk conventionally about banners and inscriptions; but if MR. GLADSTONE's meaning has been more accurately reported than his words, MR. BRIGIT can scarcely have been satisfied with an echo from the commonplaces of thirty or forty years ago. The speeches of MR. WALTER and MR. ARTHUR HERBERT at a late meeting in Berkshire illustrated the difference between the old and the new form of Liberalism. MR. WALTER, while he was willing to vote with MR. GLADSTONE on all pending questions, expressed his disapproval of MR. BRIGIT's scheme of reducing or suppressing indirect taxation, and his disbelief in the beneficial consequences which are to follow from the abolition of primogeniture. MR. HERBERT, as might have been expected, was more sanguine and more eager for change; and MR. GLADSTONE, notwithstanding his mature age, is as incapable of scepticism or hesitation as a politician of three-and-twenty. The generation which is bounded in time by the first and second Reform Bills believed and practised the doctrines which political economy has deduced from the institution of property. Their successors think that property itself is not an ultimate fact, and that it belongs to legislation to regulate the distribution of wealth. MR. GLADSTONE, himself a trained economist, and not yet suspecting that the foundations of the science are menaced with disturbance, will probably adopt the novel faith, if he finds that it pervades the minds of his upholders. It is said, though the statement sounds improbable, that his own return for South-West Lancashire is uncertain; but another seat awaits his acceptance, and he can scarcely doubt the general result of the elections. If MR. GLADSTONE had a stronger appreciation of humour, he would recognise in MR. DISRAELI's Guildhall speech an admission that the contest is virtually over. Like the hero of the

comedy among the cut-throats, or in the spirit of a French marquis on the way to the guillotine, the baffled Minister hanters his enemies to the last in a pleasant strain of jovial defiance. No one better knows that the fierce invectives of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT bear no resemblance whatever to the empty voice of a barbarian host raising its own courage by shrieks and gesticulations; but Mr. DISRAELI knows how to raise a smile at the expense of his victorious antagonists even while, despairing of further resistance, he gracefully delivers up his sword.

There is too much reason to fear that the elections will, in some places, be the occasion of discreditable riots. Mr. BRIGHT has done himself credit by urging on his supporters at Birmingham the duty of conducting the contest peaceably; but in the same speech he asserted that any person who thought that Mr. BRIGHT ought to have watched the Estimates in the House of Commons was either a knave or a fool. Illogical multitudes are too apt to think that knaves ought to be hustled, and that fools deserve to be pelted; and the folly and dishonesty which consist in differing from Mr. BRIGHT are not unlikely to meet with their proper punishment. In the neighbouring division of Warwickshire the meetings of Mr. NEWDEGATE and Mr. DAVENPORT have been repeatedly interrupted, nor is it probable that either candidate will be allowed to speak on the hustings. If there were any advantage in reasoning with rioters, it might be urged that violence is especially inappropriate when it is perpetrated by voters who, if they constitute a majority, can ensure the success of their own party by legitimate methods; but demonstrations of the inconsistency of using force will be as inoperative in Birmingham as in Philadelphia. Serious disorders are apprehended at Merthyr Tydvil, where the three candidates, professing the same opinions, naturally rely either on their personal claims, or on the more popular argument of the demerits of their respective opponents. Mr. RICHARD, formerly a Dissenting minister, and since Secretary of the Peace Society, is certain of his return as the special representative of Nonconformists. Mr. BRUCE, one of the ablest and most respectable members of the Liberal party, would undoubtedly be preferred to his remaining competitor, if elections depended on Parliamentary competence and public service; but Mr. FOTHERGILL, a large iron-master, is locally popular, and the miners and iron-workers feel a professional sympathy with a principal representative of their craft. Mr. FOTHERGILL, or his friends, appeal to the calm judgment of the constituency by crowded torchlight processions; and the supporters of Mr. BRUCE employ themselves in proving that Mr. FOTHERGILL has either violated the provisions of the Truck Act, or committed some similar delinquencies. A candidate at the last election was justly censured for attacks on Mr. BRIGHT in his private character, which would have been unfair or ill-bred even if they had not also happened to be untrue; but in the contest at Merthyr, which involves no public question, it is perhaps necessary to be personal. It unluckily happens that the Welsh and Irish population is but little accustomed to confine itself to verbal comments upon character, and it will be well if the day of election passes over without serious disturbance. The working-man is not yet perfect, and it may be doubtful whether he is improved by the shameless adulation of competing candidates. Mr. ARTHUR RUSSELL is one of the few speakers on either side who have had the courage to denounce the prevailing sycophancy. As he justly said, the flatterers of the working-classes offer them education and improvement of their material condition, while they tell them, at the same time, that those who already possess property or knowledge are demoralized by their supposed good fortune. In general it may be admitted that a working-man's candidate is inferior in honesty and self-respect to a genuine working-man. Sir HENRY BULWER said at Tamworth that he was not a working-man, but a gentleman, and perhaps some of the working-men whom he addressed may have respected his courage.

The interest of the London elections will be principally confined to the contest between Mr. MILL and Mr. SMITH; but a languid curiosity will attend the proceedings in Marylebone, in Hackney, and in the Tower Hamlets. Mr. CHAMBERS and Mr. HARVEY LEWIS differ but little in their professions from Dr. SANDWITH or Mr. DANIEL GRANT; but new candidates, only recommended by the supposed violence of their opinions, are perhaps more unsafe than two experienced members. The Conservative candidate for Lambeth has not the smallest chance of success; and it is difficult to understand the difference between his opinions and the conventional Liberalism of his opponents. The City of London will solve an arithmetical conundrum stated somewhat dif-

ferently from the puzzle which irritates Mr. BRIGHT at Birmingham. It is more difficult to deal with three votes out of four than with two out of three; but, on the whole, it is probable that the majority is sufficient to return four Liberal members. In the Tower Hamlets, Mr. AYRTON, who had hoped to be returned without a contest, has been forced by hard necessity into a coalition with Mr. BEALES; and unless Mr. NEWTON can be induced to retire, it is not impossible that Mr. COOPE or Mr. SAMUDA may be returned. Mr. MILL, always original in right feeling as in eccentricity, is probably the only candidate in the kingdom who wishes to hear and answer the objections of his opponents. At one of his late meetings he invited objections and questions from any Conservative who might happen to be present, and he afterwards candidly admitted that a fair controversy could scarcely have been conducted in an assembly of his own supporters. There is not the least doubt that he is thoroughly in earnest in his exceptional wish for free discussion; nor is he less singular in his preference of his own convictions to popular prejudices. In a letter to a Westminster elector Mr. MILL repeats the opinion which he has frequently expressed, that all incomes above a certain amount ought to be equally taxed, without reference to their origin or probable duration. Great abilities, extensive knowledge, honesty, and independence ought to compensate for many eccentricities.

There is thus far no reason to anticipate an extraordinary prevalence of corruption; and intimidation is as likely to proceed from below as from above. In deference to a growing sentiment, some great landowners have professed their intention of not interfering with the votes of their tenants; and it may be hoped that among the number there is only one Duke of BEAUFORT. A refusal to subscribe to a school because the contribution would diminish the burden of an incumbent of Liberal opinions is, if possible, more remarkable for its blind imprudence than for the cynicism and intellectual confusion which it betrays. A great nobleman confesses that his subscriptions for public purposes are intended to buy votes; and while he shrinks from the duties attendant on property, he relies on the generosity and self-denial of the clergyman whom he wantonly insults. If there were in England an *anti-Monthyon* prize for conduct relating to elections, the Duke of BEAUFORT would distance all competitors. The affront which he offers to Mr. BURGESS may well be despised; but it is not easy to estimate the injury which may be inflicted on the possessors of rank and property by the proof that high station affords no security for justice, for good feeling, or for good manners.

THE BAUDIN SUBSCRIPTION.

THE assailants of personal government may certainly boast that it has lately shown itself subject to an unsuspected weakness. It is extravagant enough to keep a conscience. We can hardly imagine that the bureaucracy through which it pleases the Emperor NAPOLEON to rule France can have any specially sore memories connected with the Second of December. To most of them it must be simply a winter day, foggy or bright as the case may be, but with an atmosphere wholly determined by physical conditions. But the EMPEROR himself has his sensibilities more finely strung. To remind him that there was ever a time when his policy was apparently distasteful to his beloved French people, is evidently a dangerous business. It is not enough that he was absolved by some millions of his subjects just eighteen days later. That sad interval when, for their own good, he was obliged to prescribe a course of counter-irritants in the form of musket-balls, still dwells in his mind. A tender parent shudders when he looks back at a child's dangerous illness, and the father of his country must recall with yet more painful emotion the moral sickness which for a few heedless days placed Paris in seeming insurrection against its best friend. This pious desire to veil the faults of his subjects has been heartlessly outraged by the Opposition journals. They have actually tried to revive and perpetuate these sad memories by raising a monument to M. BAUDIN. Until last week no one quite knew whereabouts in Montmartre he was buried, but M. TENOR's book has aroused a new interest in the incidents of the *coup d'état*, and the Parisians who crowded round CAVAIGNAC's grave on All Souls' Day determined to embrace in their pilgrimage the almost-forgotten hero of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. They carried out their design with no interference from the police, but the Imperial Government is always most sensitive to hostility which exhibits itself in print. The improvised procession it could stand, at all events till it had time to think it over, but

a column of subscribers in a newspaper altogether threw it off its balance. The *Avenir National* was seized three days running, and was only allowed to appear on the fourth because for the offending subscription list it had substituted an opinion of counsel against the legality of the seizure; while its editor has been cited before the Tribunal of Correctional Police—a distinction which he shares with the conductors of three other papers in Paris and one at Lyons.

It is a misfortune for tender souls that emotion is so often unbusinesslike. If the Emperor of the FRENCH could have commanded his feelings, or kept his temper, he would certainly have thought twice before he committed himself to a step of this nature. Here and there in Paris a desire has lately been manifested to dwell upon the *coup d'état* in a manner which we can well believe must be extremely unpleasant to the Sovereign who planned and executed it. The difficulty which stood in the way was that the circumstances in question have already become matter of history. It was clear enough that, if listeners could only be secured, some very telling things might be said on the subject; but then history cannot always count upon getting an audience when it comes in the columns of a newspaper. To connect the *coup d'état* with the events of the day, to bridge the gulf which divides December 1851 from November 1868, was a feat of political engineering which might have puzzled the best journalists of Paris. This was no doubt the motive for opening the Baudin Subscription, and the enthusiasm which discovered his grave this month would probably have induced the subscribers to revisit the spot on the approaching anniversary of his death. Still, if the Government had not given its aid, these well-meant efforts might all have failed. The proceedings before the Correctional Police will abundantly answer every purpose which the promoters of the subscription had in view. The Court is open to the public; and even if the accused were not allowed to defend themselves, the prosecutor would do their work for them. It is a peculiarity of the *coup d'état* that the facts connected with it cannot be touched upon without considerable damage to the Executive. It will be impossible to convict the *Avenir National* of exciting hatred and contempt against the Government by merely proving that they have opened a subscription list for a monument. The Government must show that the person to whose memory the monument is to be erected died in a cause which is identified with disorder and sedition. There is no escape, therefore, from the work of narration. The prosecutor will be forced to go into the very particulars which the democratic press has been so anxious to bring back to public recollection. Do what he will, he cannot help holding a brief for the accused.

But this is not the only unpleasant consequence involved in the act of the Government. The accused journalists will be defended by counsel, and the legal bearings of the case will necessarily be commented on by the Opposition papers of every shade. It may be presumed that the authorities feel quite certain of a favourable decision; but, even in France, a judgment which goes against both law and facts may turn out a costly victory. We do not question the ingenuity of the French magistrates; but even their trained subservience may find a difficulty in ruling that to raise a monument to a man who died before the Government was in existence is to be viewed as an act of sedition. M. BAUDIN did not fall fighting against the Empire, for the Empire had not then been proclaimed. He was not in arms against the law, for the act which he was resisting can only be defended on the plea that law was in abeyance. He was not opposing the constituted authorities, for he could appeal to the National Assembly and to the High Court of Justice in justification of the course he was taking. The whole ground is full of legal pitfalls; and unless the Government is prepared to accept the doctrine of the *Pays*, that to fire on a soldier is always infamous, because he is a passive instrument in the hands of others, it is difficult to see how they can possibly escape all the snares which await them. If they had the field to themselves, it would need wary walking to get safe across it; but when the journey has to be performed in the face of a hostile Bar, whose acuteness has been sharpened to the utmost by frequent experience of State trials, it argues a very remarkable degree of courage or thoughtlessness in those who voluntarily undertake it. The Emperor of the FRENCH has a right of course to his peculiar tastes; but this deliberate preference for appearing as the virtual defendant in a police-court is perhaps the most extraordinary which even he has ever evinced.

So great a blunder was not likely to be suffered to pass unimproved. The proceedings against the *Avenir National* have not only brought the narrative of the *coup d'état* into the strong light

in which the Democrats wished but were unable to place it; they have done something towards giving to the Opposition that unanimity in which it has of late been conspicuously deficient. One great source of strength to the Imperial system has been the irreconcilable dissensions of its adversaries. For the last seventeen years Orleanists and Democrats have hated the EMPEROR much, and each other more. Of late the wiser spirits, especially among the Orleanists, have done their best to eradicate this latter feeling. They have seen that there is one common point upon which all sections of the Opposition can consistently unite. Orleanists, Legitimists, and Democrats may differ as to the way in which they wish France to be governed; but they agree in wishing that she should be governed by herself and not by the EMPEROR. Hitherto, however, the Liberal Union has been coldly received by the Democrats. In one of the two important elections of last summer it achieved a victory because M. GRÉVY, though a democrat, received Orleanist support. But when the parts were transposed, and the Orleanist, M. DUFAURE, asked the votes of the Democratic electors, there were sufficient absentees to give the victory to the Government. The policy of the Government in the BAUDIN affair has given the Liberal Union another chance. When the subscription was first opened the names that appeared in it were all of one type. M. BAUDIN had been a democrat under the Republic; and if the authorities had played their cards properly, his tomb might have been built under the Empire by none but democratic hands. As it is, Orleanists and Legitimists have alike seized the opportunity of making fresh overtures to the Democrats. The subscription, which at starting promised to be merely a trifling exhibition of Republican sentiment, has become, under the fostering hand of authority, a demonstration in which all sections of the Opposition are taking part. The *Temps*, the *Siècle*, the *Journal de Paris*, and a crowd of provincial papers, have followed the example set by the *Avenir National*; while among the subscribers to the monument are now included M. BERRYER, M. DUFAURE, and M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL. Whether the party whose alliance is thus courted will be conciliated by these fresh overtures is of course uncertain; but a happy compliment to a political hero will sometimes do more to efface old antagonism than the most conclusive political reasoning. The ill-timed sensitiveness of the Government may not bring forth its perfect fruit until the General Election next May.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE speech of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON on Monday was received with the greatest pleasure and enthusiasm at the time, and gave universal satisfaction when it was read the next morning. It was very pleasant to find the Minister of the United States not only deprecating any approach to hostility between the two countries as the worst of evils, but actually stating that the differences which had existed had been surmounted, and that he and Lord STANLEY were entirely of the same mind. We quite believe that Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON and all Americans of the same type are sincerely anxious to keep on the most friendly terms with England, to do us ample justice, and to pay a tribute of homage and affection to the old country. We irritated the Americans greatly during the war because, in the first place, we expressed a belief that the North would never win; and secondly, because we entreated them, in a persistent and irritating manner, to observe that the South was doing no more to them than the American Colonies had done to England in the days of GEORGE III. The Northerners were pained at this, and nursed their wrath for many long months. But there was no bitterness of any deep or lasting kind on either side; and Englishmen, although giving legitimate offence to Americans by exhibitions of that superciliousness which springs from ignorance, always wished to do justice to the Northerners, if only the path of justice could be made clear. Exactly at the right time Mr. JOHNSON has come among us as an apostle of peace and amity. He scarcely ever passes a week without forwarding by a stage the reconciliation of the two countries. Nor does he ever attempt to bring about a good understanding by an appeal to fears and inferior interests. He fully recognises that it never answers to humiliate a great nation, and that, if peace is to be maintained between England and the United States, neither side must win a triumph that would be mortifying to the other. Impelled by feelings of this kind, he paints the horrors of a war between England and the United States in colours as striking and as vivid as the best friends of the two countries could desire. And all persons here who have taken the trouble to reflect seriously on the con-

sequences of such a war have satisfied themselves that such a contest would be one of the greatest afflictions that could befall the human race. On the other hand, as Mr. JOHNSON points out, if peace is maintained, the ties between the two countries are of a nature to be drawn together more and more closely, and to acquire a new and more cogent binding force. So long as we are not at war with the United States, with men of our own flesh and blood, with men of the same language and literature, with professors of the same religion, with friends of our friends and foes of our foes, the last stage of calamity in human affairs has never been reached for us. The Americans see this as clearly as we can do, and have lately shown themselves to be sincerely anxious to arrive at a termination of our disputes which will leave every one a clear and open field, and which will admit of a satisfactory solution of the intricate questions that divide us.

Fortunately the claims which each party has against the other are of a kind which may be dealt with by a patient and laborious study of details, provided one or two elementary points are settled. The two Governments, therefore, propose to refer them to a body of Commissioners, who will investigate and settle them as they may think proper; and if they differ, they will have a means of ending their differences by referring the point in dispute to an arbitrator, whom they will have power to select. The claims thus to be settled extend over a period of not less than fifteen years, for, if the thing was to be done at all, it was best to do it thoroughly; and all outstanding claims of Englishmen against the American Government, and of Americans against the English Government, will be decided by the Commission. But there are two preliminary points to be determined which are of too great an importance to be decided by such a body. Before the Commission can deal with claims arising out of the disputed title to San Juan, it must be settled in whom the territorial right really resides; and this point, it is understood, is to be referred to the President of the Swiss Confederation. Again, before the claims arising out of the escape of the *Alabama* can be investigated, it must be decided whether the English Government is or is not responsible for that escape; and the settlement of this point, once so ardently discussed, and the cause of so much angry feeling, is to be referred to the King of Prussia. We cannot wish anything better. The notion that it was beneath us to submit to arbitration in the matter of the *Alabama* has long since died away, and the arbitration of Prussia would be perfectly satisfactory. It is impossible, too, not to feel with pleasure how great a treat it will be to German jurists to be really called on to show what they can do in the eyes of Europe. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON has so far done nothing more than agree upon the person of the arbitrator, for the willingness to refer the matter to arbitration was already established on both sides. What he has done, however—that is, his own work—is to get over a difficulty that for some time seemed to render a reference to arbitration impracticable. Mr. SEWARD wished to mix up the question as to our recognition of the South with the question of the escape of the *Alabama*. He, in common with most of his countrymen, was more nettled at the unhandsome promptness with which it was thought we had rushed to give the South the character of regular belligerents than even by the escape of the *Alabama*. He would have liked, if he could have made out anything like a case for doing so, to insist on referring to arbitration the point whether we were entitled to extend to the South this recognition. But, on examination, he found it impossible to take up this position. It was perfectly evident that the Government of the North treated the South as belligerents before we did, and that a state of things had already arisen which American Courts of Law, when called on to examine it, had pronounced without hesitation to be a state of war. If we, therefore, had the right to characterize the South as belligerents when we did, the exact time and mode in which we chose to exercise this right was a matter within our own discretion; and no arbitrator could decide, or could be asked to decide, whether the English Government did what it was at perfect liberty to do, exactly at the right moment and exactly in the right way.

But the Americans were not satisfied, and Mr. SEWARD longed to have some opportunity of discussing before the tribunal of European opinion this great grievance of the too prompt recognition of the South. He therefore insisted that it should be brought before the arbitrator in evidence that we were prompted in our actions by a general feeling of hostility towards the North, and that it was this hostility which made us lax and apathetic when called on to stop the *Alabama*. Lord STANLEY would not admit this, and so for some time the

negotiations were arrested. Discussion, however, did much to show how the point ought to be settled. It is for the arbitrator, not for the parties, to decide what evidence he will receive, and what evidence he will reject. If the Americans think that the recognition of the South was evidence of a general hostility to them, they ought to be at liberty to submit this evidence to the arbitrator, just as they may submit any evidence, bad or good, which they think worth offering. It would be open to us, on the other hand, to point out that this was not evidence of hostility, or, if we pleased, that no evidence of a mere vague political feeling, not officially expressed, but merely alleged to exist in some indeterminate members of a community, could be worth having. On the other hand, as the question had been raised, we were quite entitled to insist that we should not be held to have agreed that the evidence of hostility, on which Mr. SEWARD had laid so much stress, was good evidence if it could be made out. This seems simple; but, practically, the discussion of this simple point caused a difference of opinion between the two Governments, which prevented the further progress of the negotiations. Opinion in the two countries was probably not ripe for a settlement of the dispute, and the time had not come when there was nothing on either side but a wish to be fair. Mr. JOHNSON has arrived in the happy moment when this feeling has had time to grow up; and he and Lord STANLEY, knowing that they would give most satisfaction if they made the fewest possible difficulties, have soon settled the point. The mode in which they have done this appears to have been to say nothing about it. As we only know the terms of agreement from newspapers, and not from official publications, it is not possible to be quite sure; but, so far as trustworthy information has been given, the point as to the recognition of the South has been passed over in silence, and this would place the parties in exactly their right position. The Americans would remain perfectly free to offer this, or any other evidence they pleased, for the consideration and guidance of the arbitrator, and we shall remain perfectly free to object to this or any other evidence they might bring forward. Silence in this case may be truly said to be golden, for any speech would probably have involved something like a triumph to one side or the other. Mr. JOHNSON is naturally proud of his successful diplomatic feat, and seems to have a much higher opinion of diplomacy generally than he used to have before he tried his hand at it. Diplomacy appears to him in its brightest colours, for it has assumed the character of a settlement brought about between parties longing to settle; but diplomacy discharges a more ungrateful and much more difficult task when it has to intervene in moments of irritation, and to prevent bad feeling from ripening into war. To discharge this hard duty of a diplomatist fell to the lot of Mr. ADAMS, and in our pleasure at the settlement brought about by Mr. JOHNSON we must not forget what we and the United States owe to the man who in unquiet times did his best to make this amicable settlement ultimately possible.

SPAIN.

THE indecision shown by the chief promoters of the Spanish Revolution is already producing its natural effects. PRIM's Republic without Republicans seems likely to supersede the Constitutional Kingdom without a King. No more singular solution of the problem has been devised than the choice of the aged ESPARTEIRO on the ground of his probable incapacity. The leaders of the League tried a similar experiment in placing the feeble Cardinal of BOURBON on the throne of France in opposition to the heretical and warlike heir; and although the GUISES had, unlike PRIM and his associates, a policy and a purpose, they found that a puppet obviously moved by themselves could afford them little support. As President of a Republic, ESPARTEIRO would at least profess to direct the Government; while a King would, according to constitutional traditions, transfer his nominal power to a responsible Minister. It is impossible to believe that ESPARTEIRO, who is said still to retain his faculties, will lend himself to so idle a farce. In his best days he was feeble and undecided in council, although he was both a gallant soldier and, alone among all his supporters and opponents, by general admission an honest man. No statesman of ordinary sagacity, in choosing a King, would neglect the opportunity of also selecting an actual or probable dynasty. A young prince or a Royal father of a family would not, like a childless general of seventy-six, merely adjourn the Revolution, and the decision between a monarchy and a republic, for three or four years. Although ESPARTEIRO is perhaps the only Spaniard whose elevation to the throne

is possible, a foreign candidate would stand more entirely apart from contending parties; and probably he would excite less jealousy than a native. If the Duke of AUMALE is inadmissible or unattainable, the Archduke ALBERT of Austria might perhaps share the desire of the unfortunate MAXIMILIAN for the splendour and danger of a throne. A prince of one of the greatest of European houses, who has commanded in a victorious battle, would perhaps be able to control Spanish military chiefs, and to win the confidence of the nation. The old dynastic connexion between Spain and Austria existed in the days of Spanish supremacy, and it was broken off before the decay of the monarchy had become notorious in Europe. The heir of the male line of the BOURBONS appears to have alienated his few supporters by a proclamation abounding in all the familiar phrases of constitutional cant. His grandfather, who contended for the Crown with the infant ISABELLA, had at least the merit of professing to be a legitimate and absolute King. The political and religious zealots who might be expected to favour the pretensions of his descendant despise a claimant who offers by anticipation to renounce the prerogatives of royalty on condition of becoming a titular King.

The affected deference of PRIM, of SERRANO, and of OLOZAGA for the decision of the Cortes represents either the internal dissensions of the Provisional Government, or the unfitness of its members to exercise supreme power. Even in ordinary transactions, the English Parliament has always resented the weakness of a Minister who shrank from the duty of selecting and proposing a policy. The Spanish Cortes, with less experience and political aptitude, is now expected to accomplish a task which is too difficult for the Government. If any Parliamentary leader can be found to guide the deliberations of the Cortes into some definite channel, he ought to take the place of SERRANO. The Convention Parliament of 1688 was not left to discover for itself the expediency of raising WILLIAM III. to the throne, nor did PITT in the first illness of GEORGE III. throw into the midst of the House of Commons the open question whether the Regency should be declared hereditary or elective. It can scarcely be justifiable to overthrow a settled Government without being prepared with some preferable alternative. The misgovernment of ISABELLA II. perhaps created an exceptional case; but PRIM, if not SERRANO, must long since have meditated the catastrophe which he has in part produced. It is supposed that SERRANO is hampered with pledges, now impossible to redeem, given to the Duke and Duchess of MONTPENSIER. If PRIM has made any selection, he has not disclosed his opinion; and his enemies insinuate, probably without foundation, that he hopes to obtain the vacant Crown for himself. Although his abilities are thought to be considerable, his chief military services were performed in a secondary command during the war of Morocco. The prudence which he showed in withdrawing the Spanish contingent from the joint Mexican expedition is not likely to have excited popular enthusiasm, nor was his abortive insurrection against the Government of O'DONNELL illustrated by any brilliant exploit. He would probably be content with the post of Minister and Commander-in-Chief under a King; but, if a Republic is established, he will almost certainly aspire to the Presidency. In the meantime he has addressed to the army an admirable warning against the impropriety of taking part in political affairs. The military duty of obedience to the civil power, and of impartial patriotism, must be deeply impressed on the minds of the fortunate promoters and adversaries of the late insurrection. All the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the army and navy have been advanced a step in rank; some for rising against the QUEEN, and the rest for fighting in her defence. Admiral TOPETE had formally disclaimed, on behalf of the navy, the acceptance of any reward for the discharge of a patriotic duty; but probably he found either that his officers were jealous of the benefits conferred on the army, or that they were imperfectly satisfied with the participation of their chief in the fruits of the Revolution. The whole army will rightly understand PRIM's order of the day as an exhortation not to rebel as long as their present Commander-in-Chief is at the head of affairs. As General PRIM has taken the lead of two military insurrections within two or three years, it is evident that the salutary doctrine which he propounds must allow of occasional exceptions. Even if the army should act according to the letter of his advice, thoughtful Spanish politicians must feel painfully their dependence on the moderation of generals, officers, and soldiers. If the army were to proclaim to-morrow the restoration of Queen ISABELLA, the rest of the population would be powerless to resist. The

ludicrous decree of universal promotion bears precisely the character of the donations which the Roman Senate was in the habit of bestowing on the legions when an Emperor had been dethroned and assassinated. The liberality of the Government is a tribute to the power of the army; and the populace shows, in its ceremonies and public demonstrations, its inability to appreciate the precarious condition of liberty. The two-and-twenty sergeants who were shot by O'DONNELL in 1866, although their fate may be justly pitied, were, as PRIM, SERRANO, and O'DONNELL himself have been on different occasions, military rebels. If the conspiracy in which they were engaged had been successful they would for the time have been patriots, and they would have received commissions as officers. O'DONNELL and SERRANO may have been cruel or inconsistent in putting them to death, but the recognition of mutinous sergeants as martyrs is inconsistent with every principle of freedom.

Although it becomes every day more probable that the occasion afforded by the Revolution will be wasted, the temporary relaxation of Government has shown that the Spanish nation is not devoid of just and liberal aspirations. Even commercial protection, which is deeply rooted in popular prejudice, seems to have been discredited because it was a part of an odious system. Successive Ministers, who utterly disregarded the public interests, consulted, in the maintenance of a repressive tariff, the supposed opinions of the people. The Government might have relieved itself from much embarrassment by remodelling duties with a view to the increase of revenue; but it was thought that interference with monopoly might perhaps provoke discontent. The Juntas of the maritime towns now attribute to the QUEEN'S Government a policy which was only intended to please the community; and if all the demands which followed the Revolution could have been at once converted into legislative measures, Spain might probably have been at the same time enriched and enlightened by a large extension of intercourse with foreign countries. The general enthusiasm for religious liberty, though it is likely to be still less fruitful than the project of free-trade, is extremely instructive. It had been thought that the great body of the Spanish population, if not actively devout, was resolutely, though negatively, orthodox. The occasional imprisonment of a stray heretic for buying an English Bible excited far more attention at Exeter Hall, and even in the House of Commons, than in the Cortes, or in the municipal bodies. The sudden demand which is simultaneously preferred in all parts of the country is founded exclusively on the knowledge that religious liberty is, of all things, most hateful to the Church. The expulsion of the Jesuits, and the suppression of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, are additional symbols of reaction against Rome. Clerical supremacy would not be so deeply detested if it were not also an object of fear. The priests and the monks, while they bide their time for revenge, not unwillingly appeal to the principles of liberty which are apparently violated in the prohibition of religious vows and in the seizure of monastic property. The NUNCIO himself, imitating the conduct of the French clergy in 1848, has not hesitated to recognise the Provisional Government, and to express the good-will of the Pope to liberal and constitutional Spain. His courtesies will not deceive the Government, but they deprive it of a pretext for breaking off relations with Rome. In civil or ecclesiastical affairs nothing is settled except the conviction that the late Government was intolerably bad.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATION.

MUCH what the experts anticipated as the result of the inchoate contest between Sir ROUNDELL PALMER and Mr. MOWBRAY has come of it. Mr. MOWBRAY gets the seat—one of the most honourable seats in the House of Commons—and gets it, not without a struggle, but without the trouble of a fight. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER'S Committee, with that considerateness and high feeling which belongs to such a body, have withdrawn their candidate. We do not always approve of this policy, or of the practice of settling an election by counting promises. It was done once in the case of a Cambridge contest, when Mr. SELWYN got an unopposed return over Mr. BERESFORD HOPE, and the precedent has been applied to Oxford. This practice has many objections; it makes no allowance for those timid and vacillating minds which dread a promise of support, but which in the pinch of a struggle do not always hesitate to act. And in this particular election we suspect that Sir ROUNDELL PALMER'S promises do not measure the strength which he might have brought to the poll. But the thing is done, and it is useless to canvass a policy which is irreversible.

and which has much, if not everything, to justify it. The result is deplorable enough. The University has lost one more chance of exercising a timely wisdom. Not for the first time mediocrity is preferred to power; and the most distinguished son of Oxford—loaded with University honours, rich in the highest attainments of the most intellectual profession, respected by all men of all parties, a man of the most independent mind, remarkable for the sacrifices which he has actually made, and still more for those which he is known to be ready and willing to make, to preserve that independence—has been forced to give way to a respectable gentleman whose only known claim upon public confidence, apart from his personal character, which is blameless, consists in the solitary and simple fact that he is an obedient and silent follower of Mr. DISRAELI. Mr. MOWBRAY is the faint double of Mr. GATHORNE HARDY; and the difference, such as it is, is not in his favour, nor does it redound to the credit of the University that its representation does not improve. Mr. HARDY is credited with some independence and originality of mind; Mr. MOWBRAY has done and said nothing to relieve himself from the appearance of unreasoning servility to his political chief. He is a mere *umbræ*. In other words, the representation of Oxford deteriorates. To contrast Mr. MOWBRAY with Sir ROBERT PEEL or Mr. GLADSTONE would be needlessly rude; but even Mr. ESTCOURT had a sort of Quarter Sessions reputation. Sir ROBERT INGLIS steadily, and with some dignity, represented great principles and something like a large cause. Sir WILLIAM HATHCOTE possessed personal merits and claims of a refined but very high order. Mr. MOWBRAY is Mr. MOWBRAY; to be what he is, is at once his glory, such as it is, and at the same time commits the University to all that follows from that fact.

No doubt there is something to be said for the Oxford majority. In Mr. GLADSTONE's case the personal argument had been reiterated so often and so strenuously that at last it broke down. When Mr. GLADSTONE was rejected formally and deliberately on his merits, it was not likely that the argument for trusting a very distinguished man apart from his mere party ties would ever again tell on an Oxford constituency. That is to say, it was not likely that the country clergy would extend that unquestioning confidence to Sir ROUNDELL PALMER which they had by a decisive majority refused to give to Mr. GLADSTONE, or that they would swallow more in the present case than in the former. So, from the first, the contest seemed to many old hands a hopeless one. Contest for contest, the recent struggle for Sir ROUNDELL PALMER was launched under worse chances than that between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. HARDY. The GLADSTONE of that day—we say nothing of his present position—had done less to alarm the country clergy than Sir ROUNDELL PALMER has done. We mean that, in the clerical mind, Mr. GLADSTONE was likely to have an advantage over Mr. HARDY which Sir ROUNDELL PALMER has not over Mr. MOWBRAY. But the University, under the circumstances of that day, chose Mr. GATHORNE HARDY; and the circumstances of this day, especially in all that relates to the Irish Church, placed Sir ROUNDELL PALMER even in a worse position than Mr. GLADSTONE held at the last contest. Although Sir ROUNDELL PALMER did not vote with Mr. GLADSTONE, he declines to pledge himself against disestablishment—or, indeed, to pledge himself at all. What is peculiar to the present General Election is, that we are likely to have a Parliament of delegates. Candidates must pledge themselves. Both sides insist on their principles being strictly accepted and followed. The candidates who stand no chance on either side are the independent ones. What has happened to Sir ROUNDELL PALMER is only, under a particular form, the objection which is taken to Mr. BOUVIER, Mr. ROEBUCK, or Mr. HORSMAN. This we take to be the mind of the Oxford Tories. They wanted a representative to represent their views. The requisites in a representative are now distinct, hard and fast, narrow, stiff, and imperative. Mr. MOWBRAY answered those requisites, and so he becomes their member. The Tories, according to their light, or twilight, are not altogether to be blamed, knowing their strength, for using it.

And, on the other hand, it is said that there was in some, though certainly not in all, sections of the Liberal party some slight—and, we venture to add, deplorable—apathy towards the contest. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER's high-minded independence in the matter of the Irish Church did not suit certain peculiar tastes. He was not liberal enough for the fanatics of Liberalism. What failed to win on Conservatives alienated some advanced Liberals. That Sir ROUNDELL PALMER was not a blind and unreasoning disciple of Mr. GLADSTONE told as much against him as it told, on the other side, that Mr.

MOWBRAY always had accepted that humble and subservient rôle which Sir ROUNDELL PALMER was too high-spirited, too conscientious, too self-respectful, to accept. Now that it is too late, to the extreme men of both sides perhaps it will be reserved to learn wisdom when the time for showing it practically has passed away. Shrewd, and perhaps cynical, folks for many years used to think, though they seldom said, that one reason for keeping Mr. GLADSTONE at Oxford might be urged in the possibility that that particular seat would operate as a check upon his advancing tendencies. There were some, and those not the least thoughtful of Conservatives, who voted for Mr. GLADSTONE for Oxford in the hope of keeping a drag on his rolling car; and their astuteness has been so far justified by facts that, since Mr. GLADSTONE has escaped from Oxford associations, he has also broken away from the very last of his old views. We do not say that, consciously, either Mr. GLADSTONE or Sir ROUNDELL PALMER would have modified their deliberate convictions only because they represented Oxford. But the possession and honour of a University seat does undoubtedly exercise much unconscious influence on its holder. It ought to do so. The very first of statesmen is perhaps bound to attribute more weight to what he knows to be the general opinion of such a constituency as Oxford, than if he represented Marlborough or Greenwich. When Oxford rejected Mr. GLADSTONE he was flung into the arms of Mr. BRIGHT.

Neither were the ecclesiastical conditions of the contest more promising for Sir ROUNDELL PALMER than the political. Neutrality, or the middle course, alienated partisans on either side. Those fanatics—for such we must deem them—of the High Church party who dream of a Free Church in a Free State, and what certainly would be a *petite Eglise*, and are as thoroughly anxious for the disestablishment of the English Church as the Liberation Society itself, and, a good deal on the same grounds, were anything but hearty on Sir ROUNDELL PALMER's behalf. We fancy that some of the leading men on this side who backed Mr. GLADSTONE scarcely cared to send in their adherence to Sir ROUNDELL PALMER. At any rate their names are not to be found on his Committee. And at the last moment the Puritan party declared themselves. Perhaps, as at Bosworth, there was a prudent hesitation in bringing the cause of God into the field till it was certain on which side the carnal strength of men and arms was. But at last the *Record* made up what it would perhaps call its mind. At first our contemporary seems to have felt, though the *Record* might often have experienced the feeling, that it was very much like an ass—that is to say, like the ass of the proverb between two bundles of hay. Its reasoning, and its leanings either way, did not do much to detract from the assine position. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER had married the Bishop of CARLISLE's sister. That was a great thing in Sir ROUNDELL PALMER's favour. But then Mr. MOWBRAY was by marriage connected somehow with that hateful Bishop of CAPETOWN, and moreover he had something to do with the Propagation of the Gospel Society, and in his official capacity was vehemently suspected of having once discussed the Creation with Bishop COLENSO at 79 Pall Mall. This was a terrible thing against Mr. MOWBRAY. Further than this into the millstone the *Record* could not see, and it was fairly puzzled by the marriage ties of the two candidates which were in either case so *pro* and *con* for the wrong man, until it was pretty well known that Mr. MOWBRAY would get in. Then, but not till then, the veracious consideration that Sir ROUNDELL PALMER's supporters comprised, "as one man, those who are engaged in educating the youth of the University in unbelief, if not in Atheism," was "made plain," and during the present week the *Record* has tardily declared itself for Mr. MOWBRAY. We hardly think that the yell of "Atheistic" supporters against the compiler of the *Book of Praise* would tell on the lowest clerical intellect, but that the howl has been raised is melancholy and insignificant. On the whole, we cannot but say that the issue of the Oxford contest is more a matter of regret than surprise.

APPEARANCES.

THE question of appearances was never a more practical one than it is now, when one and the same class includes the extremes of wealth and narrow fortune in greater number than ever, all trained in the same ideas and inheriting the same tastes. Yet the plea of doing this or that for the sake of appearances is seldom used, by persons who pretend to liberal ideas, without a sneaking sense of shame. We never feel less dignified than when proffering it either as a motive influential with ourselves or as a dissuasive against our friend's course of action. We have recourse to it in deference, as we suppose, to the exigencies of our weaker

nature, but not without a consciousness of some lack of self-respect in this anxiety to regulate our conduct by its outward seeming. Yet it may be doubted whether this is a natural shame, or one that would obtrude itself unprompted on most minds. Philosophers and satirists have put it into our heads; powers before which nature and mother-wit so often cower abashed. It is a question that regards the susceptible and feminine side of our humanity, which is provided with fewest cut-and-dried arguments wherewith to answer cavillers. Open, therefore, and in a manner defenceless to the aggressions and plausible refutations of what sets itself up for reason, the poor stickler for externals sees all go against him so long as words fight the battle, though probably in no case whatever does either philosopher or satirist so little hold by his own rule, or so seldom submit to his own dictation, as in this one of the vanity of appearances, the baseness of shams, and contempt for Mrs. Grundy. In fact, our happiness is inseparable from appearances. To live without regard to the impression we make upon others and its reflex upon ourselves, or without continual sacrifices to this consideration, were to live the life of animals, not of men; but it is much easier to condemn a stringent regard to externals as a bondage unworthy of a rational being than to prove to a captious understanding the prevailing moral influence which they exercise for good. So much so, that all people are amused, and in a way convinced, by pictures representing the folly of regarding appearances, though nobody, whether author or reader, ever dreams of regulating his own conduct by the lessons which he enforces or subscribes to. What truth, what practical philosophy, people thought they saw in Franklin's practical arguments against a sacrifice to appearances! "Almost all parts of our bodies require," he grants, "some expense; the feet demand shoes, the legs stockings, the rest of the body clothing, and the belly a good deal of victuals. Our eyes, though exceeding useful, ask, when reasonable, only the cheap assistance of spectacles, which could not much impair our finances. But the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture." But who ever thought of rigidly ordering his expenses by this rule? Something always interposes itself between social beings and the possibility of acting after this plan of living with a view to merely personal requirements. Can even the much-talked-of young couple starting on a scanty income arrange their expenses on the supposition of a blind world? and is there practical wisdom, whatever it may look in mere precept, in ignoring the observations and expectations of the people among whom they live? True, it is the duty to class, the sense of citizenship, which constitutes the difficulty of their position, and establishes the continual conflict between the public and private claims on each sixpence; but to hold out is better, morally as well as in mere feeling, than to give up the battle, and spend the poor sum total on shoes and stockings, beef and potatoes. In fact, no two persons can agree together to give up appearances. The only people to do so cheerfully are the men of one idea or one pursuit—the miser, the man eaten up with self-conceit, and also the victims to some forms of enthusiasm. These let go the sense of universal kinship, and with it that balance of the mental powers which constitutes perfect sanity.

The revolutionary philosophers of the last century wrote in a spirit of reaction, following an age which obeyed the instinct for appearance with few doubts or scruples, and with an easier part to play than harasses our day; an age in which people consulted their neighbour's taste rather than their own ideas of order and consistency. The fine lady who

Managed her estate with care,
Yet liked three footmen to her chair,

had no doubt to overlook some anomalies in her private surroundings. We have personal requirements nowadays that would not embarrass the young fellow who is counselled in the *Spectator* to keep up a gay outside, though at some risk. He might, to be sure, by management save ten pounds in his dress; instead of wearing fine holland, he might mourn in sackcloth, and in other particulars be proportionally shabby; but of what service would that sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any others? This is precisely the line, both of the individual and of society towards him, which modern satirists shake their heads over and call hard names. Addison takes the fact, and acquiesces in it, as a trait of our common nature needing no apology. In fact, we all agree with him, whatever consent we may affect to give to the denunciations against snobs, shams, and flunkeyism. We none of us like to recognise a shabby acquaintance in the street, because to the imagination it compromises our own standing in some shadowy degree. No doubt, if all the bystanders were blind, the figure one's friends make would give us little concern; but so long as people do see, and make observations, the members of a community cannot be independent of their verdict. We shall never overcome this feeling by being ashamed of it. If we could overcome it, our manner might be the worse by acquiring a sort of browbeating self-assertion; while by recognising it as natural in no evil sense, we may learn to keep it in due subjection to higher considerations.

The quarrel that modern ideas have with appearances goes deeper still. It is grounded on their being held synonymous with respectability in the popular estimate; and respectability may be understood to be in our day on its trial, in a very particular sense. Both appearances and respectability are considered to be enemies

of ideas and progress; both alike are the morality of Philistines; both constitute the force of Heine's objection to coming to England, because he would see Englishmen there—that is, the conventionally respectable man who cares for appearances; both are repugnant to our more advanced spirits as embodying between them gross prejudice, low morality, and mean subservience; and it must be owned that not only are they apt, when forced into distinct language, to express themselves in a grotesque formula, but also to betray a leaning to these tendencies. It requires an exercise of reason and judgment, to which all men are not equal, to fix on the right appearances to keep up, and on the persons and classes whose respect it is worth while to aim at. A narrow circle is apt to establish very eccentric tests. The point is one at which we easily slip into prejudice and judge by an arbitrary standard. Something there often is in an argument more than the ear catches in the first hearing; but when Mrs. Pullet objects to her sister's curing all her ailments by chewing Turkey rhubarb, on the ground that it was not respectable for a well-to-do person not to send for a doctor, and therefore she was ashamed of people's knowing it, we feel that, if the reasoning is sound at bottom, a link is wanting in the chain. Appearances may soon become a tyranny. Still, in that wonderful picture of family subservience to what other folks will think which the *Mill on the Floss* presents, we see, because it is drawn by a master-hand, that even this slavery does induce some virtues, and strengthen, through self-restraint, conformity of the will to a social bond. The only regard for appearances that is utterly worthless and degrading is that which involves no sacrifice—where appearances are carefully observed, while still

Virtue she found too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

There are people who imagine that appearances actually are the things which they represent. The crape is grief, respect, affection, and sense of irremediable loss. Under which assumption they can complacently, and without any sense of shame or incongruity, form new ties, provide fresh bridal garments, and think as they please. A machinery is set in motion which acts the part of the praying mill. "Cypress" and black borders shed the widow's tears, and the broader the border the more continuous and abundant the torrent; the milliner and stationer manage it all. But gross forms of illusion or hypocrisy, or both in one, are scarcely part of our present aspect.

Admitting the morality as well as expediency of a regard to appearances, the great thing is to have an equable regard to them; not that fitful homage which makes a man a slave at one time or upon one subject, and indifferent at another—which is the failing, as we believe, of the majority. The people before whom it is wise to preserve appearances with the most jealous care are often allowed to see the unguarded side. Ambition and pretence constantly err in this way, bestowing all their efforts where they are ineffectual. The confusion, so easily slipped into, between keeping up appearances and making an appearance is often the cause of this, and yet the last makes the first impossible. All display is an enemy to the vigilance which the true observer of appearances must practise.

Some people are selfish in this matter of appearances; they won't do things themselves or be seen doing them, but they will not care whom their scruples compromise. Many families have their drudge, to whom is deputed all the business distasteful or held *infra dig.* by the rest. Like the proud sisters in the fairy tale, they have their Cinderella in the kitchen; which is a very shortsighted shirk and an ostrich-like policy, as society is more likely to judge a whole family by its lowest representative than to ignore him altogether, and take the others at their own estimate. Appearances as such incline, of course, to making the best of things, "putting the best leg foremost." But it is needful, beyond all things, not to go for too much. In the case of young people of limited income, the ill-portioned scions of a luxurious society, their utmost aim should be to seem easy, not rich. They are wise to keep struggles and expedients as much as possible out of sight. Appearances with many must indeed be negative, and must be confined to the creditable desire not to appear poor, and therefore objects of an inquisitive or supercilious compassion. And we would use the word struggle advisedly, for courage and hope and the chance of better times all hang on keeping up appearances, and all flag on the disregard of them.

It may be noted that persons are often jealous of appearances in proportion as their mode of life is dictated to them. The sons and daughters of a home are suspicious of failures in their elders, and watchful to keep them up to the mark. When they grow old, and have things in their own power, they relax, and will perpetrate little solecisms with a smile at their old punctilio; without reflecting that they may be inflicting the wound they once received, and outraging feelings in their turn which they now disregard because the world and its ways stand but in a slippery and receding relation to themselves, and can do nothing more for them. But even before we are old in this sense, the fact of being our own masters is very apt to make us defiant of the conventional restraints which we think wholesome for other people. Few persons, however, are so loose of ties and obligations as to be justified in this indulgence. A man who persists in disregarding appearances is a nuisance to all his belongings. There is often malignity, or at the best a conceited notion of superiority to finery and prejudice, in the aggressive line which is taken towards appearances. A wise man will respect them, even where he does

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not see the sense of them, because they represent realities to some minds, because by contempt he is not only indulging his own humour at the expense of other people's feelings, but usually is wounding some principle of morality or order inextricably associated with them. Even when an extreme leaning to externals exists, as we all know it can, some character with otherwise excellent points, a rude assault on self-love is the most hopeless mode of cure; it very naturally confirms the habitual identification of pleasant appearances and graceful externals with the things they personate, and so clenches a faith in their paramount importance.

THE BORES OF THE PLATFORM.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and amid the nonsense and fury and extravagance of a general election it may be a comfort to think that the multitudinous and hard-working class of bores, at all events, have found a thousand opportunities which inauspicious gods and the discretion of men usually deny to them. To a kindly man of catholic sympathies, anxious that everybody should have his fair chance of enjoying himself after his manner, this must be a pleasant reflection. For nobody is ever so sure of hitting the kind of joy which is dearest to him as the bore is when he is once on his legs before a public meeting. In an ordinary way he can only fetch down a single victim, or at most the eight or nine whom the accursed spite of fortune shall have brought to the same dinner-table with him. To take one man by the button-hole, and keep him by the half-hour and hour listening to nothing and all things, is better than to be deprived of one's pursuit altogether. But this is a light and trifling joy compared with the nobler opportunity which the public platform furnishes of counting victims and listeners by the thousand. It is true that, while you speak, the audience grows smaller by degrees and beautifully less; yet the loss is merely partial. The happy mortals who stand on the margin of the meeting, and are near the doors, may escape from the voice of the tormentor, and quietly and gradually slip away. But the thinning of the fringe does not sensibly diminish the inner bulk. If the room be decently filled, there are sure to be large numbers of people so close-packed that escape is hopeless. It is not easy to make a way out from the middle of a full meeting. So that the bore is really master of the situation, and it is a proud moment for him when he rises in the consciousness that he to whom the unintelligence of acquaintances systematically refuses a hearing has at length an audience of many hundreds of souls who cannot by any chance snatch the button from his inexorable grasp. There must be a wild and fearful joy in the bosom of the man whose talk all friends avoid as a dull pestilence, when he feels that he can go on talking, for more than an hour if he likes, without fear of being cut short. One may sometimes notice in the manner and mien of the bore on such occasions something which looks almost like vindictiveness, as if the poor man felt that now at any rate the blessed moment of revenge had come to him. There is something of calm bitterness in the complacency with which he rises, as of one whose innocence has long been wronged, but to whom at length the heavens have meted out a fragment of the justice to which he is entitled. It is possible that this may be a mere fancy, a transference of one's own inner idea to the outer object, an imputation of our own feeling to the design of the man who is acting upon us. We feel that we have been delivered into the hands of our adversary, we suffer grievous things from him, and it is only, therefore, in accordance with a well-known infirmity of the mind that we attribute to him the malevolent sentiment from which our pains might have flowed, and which would be the most simple and ordinary way of explaining them. It is perhaps crediting the bore with a warmth of feeling that does not belong to him to think him capable of anything so coloured with human emotion and interest as the desire for retaliation. However that may be, the same end is gained, and the neglect with which he is usually treated is amply avenged.

The present election has been more than fairly kind to the bore, for, besides giving him time and occasion, it has also given him a subject which probably has never been surpassed, if it has ever been equalled, in the opening which it supplies for a display of the bore's peculiar gifts. The question of the Irish Church has every quality about it which makes it all that the bore could desire, or even more. In the first place, it has no profound or stirring interest for the public. Those who want the Church disestablished are not moved to enthusiasm by what they look upon as not only obviously just, but as already done. With a majority of a hundred in front of them, they are under no pressure to be enthusiastic and excited and violently interested. Those, on the other hand, who want to keep the Irish Establishment have had their enthusiasm sapped and chilled by lack of confidence in the champion, and by a suspicion that he is as likely as not to throw their palladium of liberty and bulwark of Protestantism overboard. This is a great thing for the bore—to have a subject out of which not even a fine writer could make anything very stirring or impressive. In the second place, the arguments on both sides have been stated and recapitulated and balanced not once, but ten thousand times, since last spring. The general considerations and the particular considerations, the number of pounds paid to the rector and the number of souls in his parish, the Pope and the Penal Laws, and Henry VIII. and the Act of Union, have all droned dolefully in our ears these many

months past. Everybody knows all the arguments on his own side by heart, and to those on the other side the average elector has far too manly a spirit to give any ear. So that absolutely for many weeks there has been nothing to say which everybody had not heard before, or which anybody could get any good by hearing again and again, at all events not after the thousandth time of hearing or reading. What could be more delightful for the bore? If the benign heavens had conspired to contrive a situation for his express benefit, nothing could have been invented more apt and favourable for him. The circumstances are precisely those which he relishes most keenly. Even at this eleventh hour, a day or two before the election, there are bores of such consummate power in their own line as to be willing to get up and harangue, for a good hour by the clock, on the Irish Church, for it or against it, just as if the controversy had only been opened last week, and just as if anybody likely to go to public meetings would have his opinion decided by the thousand-and-first repetition of arguments which he had heard one thousand times to no purpose. We can fancy the friendship of a lifetime being broken between two men, one of whom has been compelled, after sitting on a platform for two or three hours, to hear the other fill a fourth hour with the deadly platitudes and murderous figures by which life has been rendered a burden to us for nine months or more. One does not soon forgive the orator who inflicts this kind of burden upon us. Public meetings engender irritability in sensible men. The heat for one thing, the noise for another, the halting argument, limp invective, flaccid statistics, clumsy gesture, and weedy style of most of the oratory, all combine to string the nerves up to the most dreadful pitch, and make men ready to curse the day on which they were born. Fatigue under violent and prolonged attacks of bad oratory is perhaps, after neuralgia, the most painful of the physical ills to which people are ever subjected in an ordinary way.

The student of human nature may perhaps be to a certain extent rewarded by the opportunity which the platform affords of examining vanity in some of its most striking and extraordinary forms. Of the thousand masks which this strangest yet commonest of weaknesses assumes, none is more profoundly amazing than the vanity of the bore who insists on being an orator. For, in oratory, the effect of what a man is saying is visible then and there. If a bad painter thinks himself a good one, he may ascribe his want of popularity to defective public taste, ill-humoured critics, or a hundred other things, and may look forward to a posterity which may do him more justice. And in the same way a stupid and ineffective writer may persuade himself that people like his books, because he has no means of knowing for certain that all the world falls asleep over them. But with the stupid and ineffective speaker this is not at all the case. However we may define the ends of the oratorical art, at any rate the first condition of reaching those ends is that the orator shall interest his hearers. And it cannot be difficult for anybody with a pair of eyes in his head to see whether his audience is listening to him or not. Some signs are unmistakable; if a speaker has got the ear of the crowd effectively, he will not see the margin of it in a constant state of flux from the unkind departures of men whose capacity for suffering boredom is limited. He will not hear chattering behind him on the platform, nor see heavy yawning in the meeting in front of him. These and a score of other symptoms that you cannot misunderstand are always available, yet the vanity of the oratorical bore is such that he is blind to all or any of them. The dissolution of the fringe, the yawning, the chattering, he explains to himself as the mere disfavour of those frivolous souls whom sound and original argument does not reach or impress. He enjoys the serene and immovable conviction that all the heads to whom it is worth while to appeal are eagerly receiving the fine seed of knowledge and inference at his hands. Even at the worst, if disturbance and noise and shuffling of the feet of the long-suffering multitude bear it in upon the bore's mind beyond mistake that he is wearying his listeners past mortal endurance, even then he lays the flattering unction to his soul that though they don't take what he is saying quite as attentively as he might wish, yet by and by it will germinate and fructify in their minds. The only drawback to this consolatory notion is that people cannot very well allow that to germinate and fructify in their minds which they never took the trouble to admit to their ears. For does not the bore perceive that they are not even listening?

A distinction ought to be drawn between the wretched orator who is so unlucky as to be a candidate, and the orator who volunteers speeches. The candidate cannot help himself. He would far rather get into Parliament, if it were only possible, without speeches, views, opinions, pledges, or anything else, and he feels it hard that admission to the House of Commons should be fettered with conditions which do not attend admission to Brooks's or the Travellers'. Still he does not pretend to be an orator. He is a bore against his will, and only because electors will not vote for a man who has not inflicted a certain number of speeches upon them. Besides, people are less wearied by him because they know he is paying pretty dearly for his whistle. The giver of beer, sovereigns, and other good gifts must be something truly appalling in his speaking if he cannot win hearty cheers and fervent sympathy from an audience that cares for beer and sovereigns far more than for fine tropes, splendid elocution, and good logic. Most electors prefer a pot of ale to an epigram, and from certain points of view they are blameless. But what has the volunteer bore done for them that they should endure him?

However, it is nearly all over by this time; the nuisance will soon be abated. Another week, and the plague of oratory will be stayed over the land. At least it will be stayed until the assembling of Parliament, when it will break forth again, but in so modified a form as to be comparatively harmless. The House of Commons has effective ways of protecting itself against the remorseless beings who tyrannize on public platforms at election times.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH CITIES.

WE know not how far any one's national vanity is at all troubled by the thought, which must present itself to any one who goes through any considerable part of England and France with his eyes open, that there is hardly any city in England which can trace the same unbroken historical existence which can be traced by nearly every French town that can boast of enough of early importance to have been the seat of an ancient Bishopric. The history of a great number of French towns follows a single type. The site has been a place of human habitation, and the centre of a more or less organized society, as far back as history or trustworthy tradition can take us. It was a post, most usually a fortress overlooking a river, which formed the stronghold, the capital, if we may so call it, of a Gaulish tribe. From those times till now it has never ceased to be, in one form or another, a seat of habitation and of dominion. The Gaulish hill-fort became the Roman town. It was fenced about with Roman walls, and it received a Roman municipal constitution. In the South it retained, and still retains, its original ante-Roman name. Burdigala and Tolosa keep to this day, with but slight changes, the names which they have borne from the beginning of things. In the North the name of the town was most commonly forgotten; it was supplanted by the name of the tribe. Lutetia Parisiorum, the town of the tribe of the Parisii, retains, as Paris, not its own name but that of its inhabitants. In either case the continuous existence of the town was not interrupted, and in either case an ancient Gaulish name, either of the town itself or of the tribe, remains to this day. Next, under the Roman domination a new element comes in, destined to be as lasting as the other. Christianity is preached at an early time, converts are found, persecution follows, some saintly and martyred Bishop connects his name for ever with the city. As Christianity becomes the recognised faith of the Empire, the local Church emerges from its obscurity and obtains a position which it was never destined to lose. Except when it has been tampered with by recent changes, the episcopal succession in a French city has gone on uninterruptedly since the third or fourth century; the present cathedral stands on the site of a church of those primitive times; the extent of the diocese marks the extent of the Roman civil division of which the city was the head. Then came the Teutonic invasions, those of the Franks in the north, those of the Goths and Burgundians in the south. The connexion with the seat of Empire, with Rome Old or New, first became nominal and then was wiped out altogether, till the day when the Roman diadem was set on the brow of a Frankish King. But the Gaulish hill-fortress, the Roman city, lived through the storm. It remained a seat of habitation and of dominion; it retained its name, its position as the head of a district, in the south it even retained large traces of its Roman municipal organization. Above all, it retained its character as a seat of spiritual rule, the seat of a chief church and its chief pastor. The cities of Gaul have lived on uninterruptedly from the days of Sextius and Cæsar till now. The episcopal churches of Gaul lived on uninterruptedly from the days of primitive Christendom to the great Revolution. And with most of them the great Revolution itself was only a passing eclipse. The chief towns of France, in short, are places which have been abodes of man, seats of man's industry and government, such as industry and government have been at various times, for eighteen hundred or two thousand years, and for as many more prehistoric centuries as any one chooses to add. Dynasties, governments, nations, languages, all have changed; but to this day the chief fold of each tribe overrun by Cæsar commonly remains the cathedral city of a diocese, and is often also the capital of an ancient province or a modern department.

Now this is the history, not of one or two cities only but of a whole class. When any place of any importance deviates from the type, it is at once noticed as an exception. It is in no way interfered with by the fact that many French Bishoprics have been divided, and some in modern times united. The process which is really destructive of continuity, that of translation from one seat to another, is exceedingly rare. And we may add that in France it is the old cities, the immemorial ecclesiastical and civil capitals, which are, to a very great extent, the seats of modern commerce and manufacture. We need not speak of the age of Massalia, the Hellenic commonwealth which braved the might of Cæsar, the Free City of the Empire which braved the might of Charles of Anjou. But Lyons, Rouen, Bordeaux, Amiens, Nantes, are all examples of modern industry and commerce finding their homes in the abodes of ancient Counts and Bishops. Cherbourg, Brest, Toulon, though not equalling the associations of the others, are all ancient and historic towns. Havre alone is modern, but it has lived three centuries, and three centuries, in the eyes of many people, is a very respectable antiquity.

Turn to our own country, and, instead of a whole class of immemorial Gaulish cities, we shall find at most two or three

which make a distant and doubtful approach to an analogous character. Many English towns stand on the site of Roman towns, but very few, if any, English towns can trace the same uninterrupted connexion with primitive times which is still plainly written on the ancient cities of France. It is by no means clear that the Roman towns in Britain so generally occupied Celtic sites as they did in Gaul; it is quite certain that few or no English towns can show the same continuous existence from Roman times which so many French towns can. A great gulf, an interval of historic darkness, a period given up to the conjectures and inferences of ingenious men, divides their latest recorded Roman existence from their earliest recorded English existence. No existing English, or even Welsh, Bishopric pretends to trace an uninterrupted episcopal succession further back than the sixth century. That any English town retains a traditional, or even an imitative, Roman constitution, is a mere dream without a shadow of proof. Nay, it is not even certain that the sites of the ancient Roman towns were continuously inhabited. Many of them are utterly forsaken, others have changed their names, of those which have kept their names several are suspected to have changed their sites. London retains its name, but very learned antiquaries doubt whether the oldest English London occupied the site of Roman London. But, after all, the Bishopric is generally the best means of comparison. Of course we set aside the sees founded in England by Henry the Eighth and in our own day, just as we set aside the more recent Bishoprics of France. We have no concern with the see of Manchester or with the see of Versailles. We have no concern even with the see of Gloucester or the see of Montauban. Our ancient English dioceses, like those of France, represent the civil divisions which existed at the time of their foundation; but then in England those civil divisions were not the districts of Roman cities, but were ancient English principalities. The sees were by no means necessarily placed in Roman cities. When they were, they can trace no unbroken succession from the Bishops of Roman times. London and York had doubtless been episcopal seats in earlier times, but the English Bishops of those cities were in no sense successors of the Roman or British Bishops. A wide gap, the introduction of another people and another language, the introduction and the overthrow of another religion, cut off the two series from one another. But in truth an English Bishopric had no such necessary connexion with a city as a continental Bishopric had. The head church, served by the Bishop's monks or clerks, was placed somewhere, but it was by no means necessarily placed in the greatest or most ancient town in the diocese. Selsey, Ramsbury, Sherborne, Wells, Lichfield, Elmham, Dunwich, were episcopal sees and little else, and all of them have, either for a time or for ever, had their episcopal rank taken from them. Dorchester—the Oxfordshire Dorchester—was a Roman site, but it had no continuous civic existence like Chartres or Angers. None of these cities have anything like the history, none of them have anything like the outward appearance, of those cities in France where the Gaulish hill-fort has gradually grown into the modern city. At Exeter and Lincoln we do see an outward appearance which may be fairly likened to that of the French type of city; but the historical analogy fails us. Lincoln and Exeter were Roman cities, but they did not become English Bishoprics till the eleventh century, when their episcopal chairs were removed to there from Dorchester and Crediton. Colchester, which, of all the towns in England, has the best claim to assert a continuous occupation since Roman times, has never become a Bishop's see at all.

Again, London stands in England absolutely by itself in the retention of anything like that continuous importance which Paris shares with many other French cities. Our greatest towns are, as a rule, neither the seats of Roman dominion nor yet the seats of Old-English Bishoprics. Manchester and Leeds bear names which connect them with very early history, but they have no continuous greatness. Our old ports have mostly sunk into insignificance; some of them have ceased to exist. Southampton and Dover alone can pretend to any continuous life. Of our cities famous in the middle ages, Bristol and Norwich almost alone have kept up any unbroken importance, and of Bristol and Norwich, as the modern importance is quite secondary, the antiquity is quite secondary also. Throughout England our connexion with early times is far more strongly shown in institutions than in sites or buildings. In France it is the reverse.

The contrast then is striking in every way. A French city, the seat of a Bishopric, the capital of an ancient province, can commonly show an uninterrupted existence, an uninterrupted importance, from the very beginning of civil and ecclesiastical history. The origin of the town is lost in the maze of prehistoric times, the origin of the church is lost among the early legends of saints and martyrs. The city retains either its own Celtic name, or the name of the Celtic tribe of which it was the head. In England, on the other hand, cities and churches are all of comparatively recent date. Not more than two or three can even pretend to a continuous existence from British or Roman times. Names have changed, the seats of dominion have shifted, the seats of ecclesiastical and of civil rule do not coincide, they often have never coincided. The continuous local history of our cities begins, as a rule, with the seventh century or later. The recorded continuous local history of a French city goes back to Cæsar or Sextius, and the days of Cæsar or Sextius were not its beginning. Everything in England points to a thorough uprooting of old institutions, the formation of old sites, a

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complete destruction in short of all organization and governments, which left a new nation to make a new start. That is to say, the English Conquest of Britain was something wholly different from the Frankish, Burgundian, Gothic Conquests of Gaul. Without making this comparison, and without carrying it out into minute details, no one can understand the phenomena of our early history. Now this is just what our ingenious theorists, our genealogists who trace our pedigree up to our British ancestors, our clever men who stand up for the Roman origin of English municipalities, never take the trouble to do. History, like philosophy, to be really philosophical, must not be conjectural, but comparative. A comparison of Britain with Gaul or Spain will teach more than ten thousand ingenious guesses. It is written on the face of the two countries that the English Conquest of Britain places a complete break, what we believe philosophers call a "solution of continuity," between the days before and the days after it. The Frankish conquest of Gaul, with all the important changes which it brought about, made no such complete break. In a word, Englishmen are Englishmen, with a certain Celtic infusion. Frenchmen, notwithstanding a certain Teutonic infusion, are Celts to this day.

NEW YORK.

THE great cities of the world may be considered from various points of view. We may collect dreary piles of statistics as to their population, taxation, house-rent, rate of growth, number of schools, and proportion of people who can read and write; or, instead of being statistical, we may be historical, or philosophical, or poetical, or philanthropical, or political, or what not. In talking about American cities we generally indulge in a Macaulayan formula which is being worked to death almost as fast as the New Zealand of intolerable notoriety, by calculating the number of years since the Indian hunted the buffalo where now stands the railway "depôt." Lord Macaulay tells us at how short a distance of time some gentleman of presumable sanity went out to shoot woodcocks in Regent Street; and we might of course produce far more startling assertions about New York. But there is something which to the ordinary traveller is of greater interest than arithmetical facts. There is no particular reason, when one comes to think of it, why a town of 200,000 or 300,000 inhabitants should not grow up in a generation in a fertile country which attracts half the overflows of European population; and when we have heard the figures for the hundredth time, we refuse to fall down on our knees and worship; yet we certainly feel some curiosity as to the peculiar physiognomy of these rapid growths. To put into words the precise characteristics which impress a newly-arrived traveller is of course impossible. No novelist ever yet succeeded in describing for us even the shape of his heroine's nose. Even if the whole of the customary three volumes were devoted to the subject, we should probably be unable to recognise the precise shape intended, considering how delicate are the differences by which noses are discriminated from each other; and in the same way we learn something from a glance at a foreign town for which no traveller's eloquence can possibly prepare us. The cockney who has been for ten minutes at Boulogne has learnt more about French costume, about French architecture, and about that indefinable quality which at once marks the French origin of men and things, than he has derived in his whole previous life from any studied combination of words. We should, therefore, think it as hopeless to analyse the causes of the distinctive impression made by New York upon a traveller as to give in a short article the whole mass of religious, political, and other statistics which concern its population. Yet something may be said as to the state of mind to which the English traveller is apt to be reduced by an external view of the greatest American city.

The impression of which it is easiest to give account is a very simple one. The really magnificent approach to the city predisposes one to expect something startling. No site in the world shows more unmistakable signs of a great commercial destiny. It is one of the few points which might be picked out upon a map as a centre to which important natural highways converge, and whose aspect is at the same time worthy of its position. The noble bay, receiving the abundant waters of the Hudson and bounded by the picturesque slopes of Staten Island, seems to call for navies to fill it. The tongue upon which the city is built might invite architects to crown it with far-seen spires, to surround it with docks, and to lay out lofty terraces and rows of marble palaces to rival those of Genoa. The huge ferry-boats and river-steamers which crowd the waters with forms strange to European eyes raise an expectation of something entirely novel and characteristic. One tries to evolve mentally some style of city architecture strange enough to suit the traditional Yankee—an animal compounded, it may be remarked, from many strange and not very consistent traditions. The saw-toothed, lantern-jawed, tobacco-chewing variety of human being, full of quaint sayings and dry blasphemous humour, with heels habitually raised above his head, and a bowie-knife and revolver concealed somewhere about his person, has become a rarity, if indeed he ever existed in full force outside caricatures and books of professed facetiousness. Yet the national type is sufficiently marked to justify the hope that a race of such undeniable distinctness may have provided for itself an equally characteristic domicile. Neither, it may be added, will the printed accounts in

general tend to undeceive the traveller. It requires considerable moral courage to describe anything American without introducing some very marked extravagance. Accounts of New York by the "word-painting" school swarm with contrasts between log-huts and marble palaces, and draw a picture of an exterior suited to the noisiest, fastest, most go-ahead race upon earth in this the very focus of their keenest activity. Yet we venture to say that any one who puts his faith in such descriptions, or in any *à priori* conceptions of what a Yankee capital ought to be, will be miserably disappointed. Undoubtedly there is something novel to European eyes about New York. One endeavours to discover an exact parallel for different fractions of it in recollections of London or Paris or Amsterdam; and after a few failures one is driven to admit that it is neither English nor French nor Dutch—it must be American. But the novelty, such as it is, is not of a startling kind; we find something for which there is no exact precedent, but we do not find anything that much exceeds or falls short of all precedent. There are, it is true, "marble palaces" in New York, if by that name we may designate some very large shops and hotels faced with a handsome white stone and of no particular order of architecture. We may say that there are log-huts, if by log-huts we choose to mean such houses as may be found in the inferior parts, say, of the Brompton Road; and there are even some few of those wooden or "framework" houses which are universal in the country districts of America. But the extremes of architectural splendour and meanness are not so wide apart as in London, and in walking from Charing Cross to Kensington one may see far greater contrasts than in the same length of Broadway. Broadway towards its lower end is a handsomer street than can be found in Manchester or Liverpool, and it is nowhere so uniformly mean as the greatest part of Oxford Street; it is very long and very straight, and of a respectable width, and contains a good many houses which might be described by superlatives in advertisements, which would be excellently adapted for Messrs. Moses and Son, or for the proprietors of any of our large hotels; but, on the whole, we can preserve our equanimity even at its most splendid portions, and need not hold our noses at its worst. Of the streets in general we may say, with a little increase or diminution of emphasis, much what we say of Broadway. They are broad and airy, as bright in fine weather as red brick and green trees and brilliant sunshine can make them, and varying in merit from the standard of Tottenham Court Road up to that of Tyburnia, translated from stucco into brown stone. Their chess-board arrangement strikes an Englishman as more agreeable than he had anticipated, as undoubtedly convenient, and adapted in this case to the natural features of the ground. But when all has been said that can be said, it is easiest to describe the external aspect at least of New York by negatives; and if one positive epithet must be selected, it would perhaps be that of slovenly. Like everything else in the United States, it bears to a European eye the most distinct marks of being in that stage of existence which in men would be described as hobbledohs. It makes the same impression upon the observer as a house in which the new occupants have not had time to settle themselves. Corners are left unswept and walls unpainted, and there is a prevalent air of discomfort which can only be dispelled gradually by the polish which comes with long occupation. In part this is obviously owing to the benefits of universal suffrage conferred upon a population of which the lowest stratum is of the rawest Irish material. A mere glance at the pavements would be enough to send an English coachman into fits, and would enable a philosopher to draw such inferences about the town as Professor Owen drew from the bone of the dinornis. In some streets a decent wood-paving has been tried, but in many cases the paving resembles the moraine of a glacier. Huge round boulders are divided by channels down which filthy streams trickle slowly, occasionally expanding into grimy lakes. At intervals erratic blocks repose peacefully in the middle of the streets, or form petty islands in the mud. The discontented slaves of a London vestry might earn some consolation from the still more hopeless slavery of the decent inhabitants of New York. The light American carriages surmount these obstacles with tolerable success, as well as the more legitimate obstructions due to the rails of the street railroads; but an American carriage is everywhere accustomed to struggle with ill-made tracks falsely claiming to be roads, and indeed is expressly designed to encounter such difficulties. America is the land of bad roads, and the dearness of labour is of course one great cause to be assigned for this as for other unpleasant phenomena. New York, for example, should be the paradise of cabmen, if the power of charging anything they please enters into the idea of a future state formed by that estimable body of men. For the persons who use cabs the prospect must of course be inverted. The human tide which daily ebbs and flows through the streets of New York would in London employ a varied collection of carriages, cabs, and omnibuses. In New York there is little choice except pedestrianism or a street car—the last, it must be admitted, far superior to the purgatory of a British omnibus. But the comparative absence of different classes of vehicle impresses a certain monotony and want of vivacity upon the streets. New York is one of the few towns which can in some places rival the great rush of human beings which rejoiced the soul of Dr. Johnson at Charing Cross; but a long succession of street cars, resembling second-hand railway carriages shabbily patched up, is a bad substitute for the struggling mass of carriages in a crowded London thoroughfare.

If we add to the general want of finish, and to the absence of any really fine buildings, the serious and rather worn expression characteristic of American wayfarers intent upon business, we account for the rather melancholy impression which New York generally makes on a first acquaintance. It seems as if all the inhabitants were busy and anxious, and had not the time to clean their streets decently, or the patience to erect substantial monuments. The town resembles a man who has got up in too great a hurry to shave, and has thrust himself into the first suit of clothes that came to hand. And most other cities all across the continent seem to be cuttings from New York, singularly resembling the parent stock, and developing the same peculiarities as they grow up. A closer acquaintance enables one to assign these peculiarities to their true cause, and to attribute the roughness which exists to the extent by which the field for labour still surpasses the available energy. An eye which has been trained in Europe finds it hard to read as indications of superabundant resources the signs which it has been always accustomed to associate with decay; just as the roughness of the farming would be taken by an English agriculturist to mean absence of skill, instead of showing the enormous extent of fertile and unbroken soil which prevents the application of much labour to the enclosed country. The one thing which has been thoroughly brought up to a high degree of polish in New York is the central park, which, having been fortunately rescued from the hands of the local government, would be really worthy of the finest European city. Elsewhere the traveller must be content with promise rather than performance, and must see in the great American city a ground plan which may some day be filled up with buildings worthy of its magnificent site. At present it seems as though some contractor of enormous wealth had run up the shops and houses for the middle classes on a plan of mathematical precision before proceeding to more ambitious efforts, and had not yet swept up the shavings or cleared out the streets. And, indeed, the one element of grandeur which New York can seriously claim depends upon this fact. An enormous city run up in obedience to a preconceived plan, laid down in the public interest, gives a certain impression of power, even though the details are mean. When the Russian Emperor designed a railway by drawing a line with a ruler between the two termini on the map, he gave a striking illustration of autocratic power. And in the straight lines and right angles of an American city we may see the determined will of the many-headed autocrat. There are great conveniences in reducing natural obstacles with a ruler and a pair of compasses, but the process certainly produces a monotonous effect to the eye. Even in the newest cities of a new country we see nothing picturesque, and, what is more disappointing, nothing even grotesque; but an enormous quantity of square commonplace blocks of houses put together in rows as neatly as the bricks in a well-built wall. There are, indeed, numerous signs of the development of something better, but the development must probably extend over generations.

THE POPE AND THE EASTERN PATRIARCHS.

PIUS IX. has not been very fortunate of late, either in his blessings or his cursings. For some years past he has been engaged in periodically anathematizing the Kingdom of Italy, its Ministers and its policy, and has extended his special patronage to Francis II. of Naples. But the Italian Kingdom, if it cannot be said to be altogether flourishing, shows no signs of approaching dissolution; still less is there the remotest prospect of the return of the Bourbons to their thrones. His Holiness bestowed his warmest benedictions on the Austrian Emperor, as the author and guardian of the Concordat; but the Emperor is reduced to a constitutional sovereign, and the Concordat is so much waste-paper. Only the other day the Pope sent the golden rose to the Queen of Spain—possibly in token of some occult sympathy with the Lutheran doctrine of faith without works—and Queen Isabella is a discredited exile living at an hotel in Paris. To come to matters more directly ecclesiastical, he has solemnly announced to “all Protestants and other non-Catholics” that “no one can deny or doubt or refuse to admit and avow,” and that “every one can easily comprehend,” what the afore-said Protestants have been doubting, denying, and professing themselves unable to comprehend for the last three centuries. And their only answer, so far as they have given any, is to declare the announcement to be an insult. There is one class of religionists to whom the appeal, at first sight, might appear to be more hopeful. Rome has never ventured to ignore the orders and sacraments of the Eastern Church, and, except on one point of somewhat transcendental theology, there is no difference of formal doctrine between the two communions. So difficult is it to say exactly when or where or how they became divided, that ecclesiastical historians differ by some centuries in fixing the date of the schism. Nor can any period be named when the high contracting parties have refused on principle to hold any communication with each other; and twice since the separation there has been at least the outward semblance of a reunion. It might be supposed, therefore, that a Pontiff really anxious to effect a reconciliation between East and West—and there is no reason to doubt that Pius IX. does desire it—would find his alienated brethren ready to meet him half-way. The first impression left on the mind is one of surprise, not unmingled with disgust, on learning that his overtures have met with a decided—and, according to some reports, not a very courteous—rebuff. The ordinary Protestant, who can see

little difference between Roman and Russian “superstition,” will wonder why the strife should be so sharp between those who are so nearly agreed in their convictions. The theologian who knows something of the history and causes of the quarrel will still be disposed to ask himself why the rival Churches, which have so much in common, should not manifest a common readiness to consider terms of peace. And in the absence of any better explanation, it will be only natural to attribute the ungracious refusal of the Greek Prelates to the traditional stiffness and rigidity of “the unchanging East.”

There is some variety of detail in the accounts of the interview between the Patriarch of Constantinople and the emissaries of the Pope which have found their way into the English newspapers. But on the main facts the testimony is tolerably consistent. It is stated that previous meetings of the Greek Bishops had been held to discuss how the Papal missive should be received, and that they had decided by a large majority that the invitation to the Council could not be accepted, and was indeed couched in terms which could only be regarded as an insult. At all events, when the Vicar Apostolic, attended by four Roman dignitaries, made his appearance before the Patriarch, the latter declined even to receive the document till he had first learnt whether it was the same which had already been published in the papers. On being told that it was, he persisted in his refusal to accept it, and said that no official answer could be returned. A desultory conversation seems to have followed, in which each side threw the blame of the long-standing quarrel on the shoulders of the other, and the Patriarch pointedly referred to principles laid down by the present Pope in his Encyclical of 1848, addressed to the Eastern Churches, which, he said, the East could never assent to. He is said to have added—but on that point we should like to be more fully informed—that the Pope had no right to summon an Œcumenical Council at all. Unless this means that there ought to be no more Councils, it is not clear what the Patriarch's objection means, or by whom he thinks such assemblies could be legitimately convoked, now that there is no Roman Emperor to summon them. Be this as it may, the Greeks declined to accept the Papal invitation to the Council, or rather refused to entertain the question of its acceptance. And so the interview ended. Their refusal, as we observed just now, has an ungracious look. But before we are in a position to judge fairly of the circumstances, it is necessary to examine the character of the document they rejected.

It is a rule of ordinary courtesy, where no legal or other grave impediments come in, to give persons that style and designation which they themselves assume, and which is accorded to them by general custom. We have heard of some aristocratic martinets, of the Sir Joseph Deadlock, Bart., type, who would on no account address “a tradesman”—though he might be, say, the leading publisher or pianist of the day—as “Esquire.” And there are, we believe, clerical martinets who insist on addressing Dissenting ministers, if they are obliged to address them at all, as “Esquire,” instead of “Reverend,” lest they should be supposed to admit the validity of their orders. Most people will consider them very silly; and if Mr. Murray were refused his “Esq.” or Dr. Binney his “Rev.,” he would probably smile at the petty insult, and never give it a second thought. But, in official dealings between high dignitaries holding public and responsible offices, this sort of *gaucherie* becomes more serious. No ambassador from the United States would be received in England who refused, on the plea of his Republican principles, to give the Queen her proper titles; nor could the American President, on his part, be expected to receive an ambassador whose Royalist sympathies would not allow him to acknowledge the office of the first magistrate of a democratic State. If the Pope happened to have a personal acquaintance with the Bishop of London, and had occasion to write a letter to him, we are sure he would be too much of a gentleman to direct it to “Archibald Campbell Tait, Esq.” And if it had occurred to His Holiness to send a formal invitation to the Council to the late Archbishop of Canterbury (as the German papers announced the other day that he was going to do), little as Dr. Longley cared for pomp and show, he would certainly have felt himself unable to take any official notice of the document if his own official position were in terms ignored. Yet this is precisely what the Pope has done—and with far less shadow of excuse—in his missive to “the Bishops of the Eastern Rite.” He must be perfectly aware that the prelates of the four chief sees among them have enjoyed from the earliest ages the title and dignity of Patriarch. And, moreover, their titles have constantly been recognised by Rome since the separation. It is true that since the establishment of the ill-starred Latin kingdoms of Jerusalem and Constantinople, which did so much to widen the breach between the divided Churches, Latin titular Patriarchs have been intruded into the ancient sees, and ecclesiastics bearing those lofty designations and arrayed in all the magnificence of Oriental costume—which our Ritualists might envy—may still be seen swelling the gorgeous pomp of a Pontifical High Mass at St. Peter's. But they are the very last persons of whose existence a discreet Pontiff would have desired to remind their Eastern rivals in the very act of making friendly overtures to them. Even the fervid Ultramontanism of Archbishop Manning would probably shrink from insisting on the submission of the Archbishop of Canterbury to his primatial jurisdiction as the first condition of that conversion of England which he professes so ardently to desire, and takes such a paradoxical way of attempting to bring about. But to expect the Patriarch of Constantinople, the second See in Christendom for above fifteen centuries, to

come to Rome as a simple Bishop, and sit humbly at the feet of his titular namesake, whose existence hardly anybody out of Rome has ever heard of, or to suppose that if he were himself willing to submit to such an indignity, the millions of the Greek Church would for a moment consent to have their traditional rights thus ignominiously trampled upon, shows an ignorance of history and of the living world almost incredible, even within the walls of the Vatican. Perhaps it will be replied that the Pope did not intend this, and that, if the Greek Patriarchs went to the Council, their rank would be acknowledged. But, if so, it was only the more childish—there is really no other word for it—to encumber the form of invitation by a purposeless and gratuitous insult.

Nor is the studied discourtesy of the address by any means the sole ground of objection which "the Bishops of the Eastern Rite" may fairly urge against the Apostolic Letter. Perhaps it was hardly wise to begin with ascribing the present state of separation to "the nefarious arts and devices of him who first stirred up schism in heaven." But as there is nothing to imply that Satan has not plied his nefarious arts on both sides of the border, there is not so much in that to complain of. But it is quite another matter when the Pope proceeds at once pointedly to recall to the minds of the Eastern Prelates the Encyclical addressed to them "at the very beginning of our supreme Pontificate." That he spoke what were meant for "words of peace and charity," and that he spoke them with his "whole heart's love," we are quite willing to believe. But he cannot be ignorant of the sort of impression which the document produced in the East, for it provoked a spirited and not very conciliatory reply. And it is not judicious to remind the erring brother whose affections you wish to regain that some twenty years ago you took an opportunity of giving him, with the very best and kindest intentions, what he felt to be a shrewd slap in the face. The Greeks, indeed, were not very far wrong in their appreciation of the Encyclical of 1848. It treated them very much as a well-meaning but incompetent nurserymaid treats the naughty children whom she is trying by turns to scold and coax into submission. And high-spirited children are apt to rebel against the scolding, and turn with something like contempt from the proffered bribe of sugar-candy. At all events, whoever was in fault, the Encyclical was a failure, and it would have been wiser to let bygones be bygones, and say no more about it.

There is nothing to complain of in the rest of the letter, except its superfluity of verbiage, and that is common to all Papal utterances, whether of blessing or cursing. But we may surmise that the form of the document was not the only point brought under deliberation at the meetings of the Eastern prelates. They would inevitably be led to weigh well what it omitted, as well as what it contained. Supposing all preliminary difficulties were got over, and they agreed to go to the Council, how would they be received when they got there? Would they be allowed to sit and vote as equals with their Latin brethren, or would they be treated as rebels or penitents, whose first duty was to make an absolute submission to the Papacy in its extremest modern claims? On these matters the letter of invitation is ominously silent. Then, again, they would naturally ask themselves what purpose the Council is intended to serve? And here, of course, a very wide field for rumour and speculation is opened. It seems to be generally understood that the first impulse came from the French Bishops of the school of Dupanloup, who wished to place some limits on the growing encroachments of the Papacy and the spread of Ultramontanism. But, now that the scheme is fairly launched, there can be no doubt whatever that the Roman Jesuits will do their utmost to adapt it to their own purposes; and, above all, they will leave no stone unturned—backed up as they are by Dr. Manning and his Ultramontane following in England, who are *Romanis Romaniores*—to extort a definition of Papal infallibility from the Council. Such is known to be the personal belief of the present Pope, and a Synod meeting at Rome would be peculiarly amenable to directly Roman influences. It would of course be impossible for the Greeks to accept a decision so entirely inconsistent with their own traditions, and which they must know to be in the teeth of all history. But would they be powerful enough to avert it? Or would their presence at the Council only serve to invest with additional prestige the condemnation of their most cherished beliefs? Such are some, and only some, of the questions upon which the Greek Patriarchs would necessarily require to be satisfied before they could accept, under present circumstances, even a more cordial and courteous invitation to the Ecumenical Council of 1869.

THE LAST RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

ANOTHER railway accident! and, from the coolness and general insensibility with which the event has been received, it almost seems that we are getting into the habit of accepting such an event as much in the usual manner of things. It is perhaps considered a little extraordinary, and something out of the regular run of things, just like the late premature frosts and early snow-storms in November. But still it is not seriously out of the usual order. There are special circumstances, however, connected with the recent South Wales catastrophe which may to some extent, if not excuse, yet account for the apathy with which we have surveyed the deaths of a wretched-guard of a goods train and two Welsh drovers, together with unnumbered sheep and oxen. The assailant was a fine express mail train,

and it did its work of destruction with such gentle, yet irresistible, force that its passengers slumbered peacefully through the collision, and the destroyer went through the impediment much as a bird cuts through a fog. A problem in mechanics has been solved, and as we have at least got one instance that a fast train may dash through almost anything by the laws of momentum and velocity, perhaps the Lydney accident, seeing that it killed no first-class passengers, may go far to reassure the confiding public that the dangers of the rail are exaggerated. Yet, in point of fact, this particular catastrophe is about as bad as, if not in some particulars worse than, any of its predecessors. In its very simplicity and clearness it is most instructive, and very few words will be required to make out its special significance, and, we are obliged to add, how entirely it is without excuse. It was a special cattle train which was the offence; very literally indeed a stumbling-block. Here begins and ends the condemnation of the whole affair. A special, heavy, lumbering pick-up train, tied to no time, committed to no particular speed, coming and going without rule or order, interposing itself into the very midst of the regular and organized traffic, getting on when it could and at what pace it was obliged by the accidents of the line to go, stopping, but by no rule, just when an unexpected contingent of horned beasts was in waiting for it, and lumbering on, now slowly and now speedily, "dependent upon the speed they were able to make"—that is, sometimes at "a speed of twenty-five miles an hour," sometimes "reduced to eight miles an hour"—just as the train was lighter or heavier, the rails slippery, sloppy, holding, or smooth. The guard was well acquainted with the running of the other trains, and his intimate acquaintance with *Bradshaw* was of as much use to him in regulating the journey of his cattle as it is to us. He had, after a fashion, plenary powers, which amounted to this—to stop when he could not get on, and to get on as long as he was not absolutely obliged to stop. In the course of this independent cruising of the cattle-conveying privateer up the line, the chartered libertine passed Lydney at 9:50, and the guard thought he could get to a place called Bullo Pill before the mail train could overtake him. All, then, depends upon the time at which the mail train either actually left, or was theoretically expected to leave, or pass, Lydney. Here there is a little conflict in the evidence. Betty, guard of the mail train, says, "I left Lydney at 10:14—five minutes late," which would make the due time of the mail train 10:09; that is, the quick mail train was bound to pass Lydney just nineteen minutes theoretically after the cattle train, and the actual time at which the mail train did leave Lydney was twenty-four minutes behind it. The engine-driver only adds to the actual interval between the cattle train and the mail train one minute. We may therefore assume that this interval of twenty-five minutes was all that interposed between safety and certain destruction. But that is not all. The driver of the cattle train, familiar with the time-table, knew that fate and the mail train were behind him; but all that he could do was to get on ahead as fast as his cumbrous convoy would permit him. This was his state of mind when the conductor of the cattle train left Lydney. But when the mail train left Lydney the engine-driver "was not aware that the cattle train was in front; did not know that any train was running between the Irish goods train and his own." The guard was possessed with the same happy ignorance of the obstacle only just ahead of him:—"he did not know the cattle train was in front; the Lydney signalman called out something about Bullo, but he did not understand what he meant." So much for the principal actors in the tragedy; the engine-driver of the cattle train, who knew what was behind him, and could not get out of the way even if he would, because he could not get on faster than eight miles an hour, and the driver of the mail train, who did not know what was before and was not told, and who dashed on to retrieve his lost time at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. But what of the signalman at Lydney, the only person in the world who seems to have known the precise state of things, and the dangerously short interval or interspace which was between the belated mail train and the half-crippled and overlaid cattle train? The signalman of Lydney says that he told the mail guard that danger was only twenty-two minutes ahead of him; and the mail guard says he did not understand the signalman of Lydney. Perhaps the latter gentleman, like Glendower's daughter, only spoke in Welsh.

What happened was what must have happened. The morning was frosty and rimy; the rails were slippery; there was a curve in the line, and all of a sudden, just through the morning mist, the fireman of the mail train saw the red tail lights of the cattle train just a hundred yards ahead, and had time to address, we suppose, his unsympathetic engine with the equine, but perfectly superfluous, endearment of *Wo!* and the smash came. Not a single person in the mail train was hurt, and not a passenger seems to have felt the collision; but of the cattle train hardly a vestige was left; three men were killed, all that remained of the human freight were seriously hurt, and the return of the killed and mutilated beasts is not forthcoming.

It is perfectly futile and imbecile to enlarge upon this miserable detail; the history of the accident conveys its own moral and lesson. We suppose that it was with some such conviction of the perfect uselessness of such inquiries that the coroner's jury returned their remarkable verdict, that the slaughtered persons came by their deaths by the mail train running into the cattle train, the speed of the cattle train being checked by the effect of the frost on the rails. The fact is so doubtless—just as

it is true that the mail train ran into the cattle train because the mail train was the fastest; just as it is true that the drovers were killed because they were smashed up by the mail train; that is, just as it is true that thirty-five miles an hour is a quicker speed than eight miles an hour, or just as it is true that it is the property of men's bodies to be smashed if ten tons of iron fall on them. But we hardly wanted a jury to tell us this. What they were required to ascertain—and what they did in a sense find out, but what they have treated as though it were a matter of no earthly concern—is whether the signalman or station-master at Lydney did his duty in allowing the mail train to start in such dangerous proximity to the cattle train; whether the cattle train ought to have left Lydney under the existing conditions of the line; and above all and over all and before all, whether the public safety is not every day and all day long fatally compromised and imperilled by the unchecked practice of allowing passenger traffic and goods traffic to proceed on the same line, encumbered and complicated as this mixed traffic is by the practice which allows a goods train or a cattle train to be intercalated, just as it happens, into the very midst of the heavy day's work, before or behind nobody knows or cares what other and regular train. Here at Lydney is just what happened at Abergele. At Abergele the mail train dashes into a goods train, which ought not to have been in the way, but was in the way; and a whole crowd of people, some of them of the first quality, were killed because there was a great crowd to pound up. At Lydney the mail train dashes into a cattle train, which ought not to have been on the line, but was on the line; and only three drovers are killed, and five other drovers mutilated and wounded, because there was nobody else than drovers and guards to kill and to be pounded. The difference is in the extent of the destruction, not in its culpability. Indeed, as to this, the last catastrophe is the worst, just because it is the last. The lesson of Abergele is altogether thrown away on Lydney, and the lesson of Lydney appears to be likely to be lost upon us all, because the mail train jumped in and out of the cattle train, did its deadly work, and was ready to go on its way rejoicing. As for signals and station-masters, whether they are to blame, or much to blame, is of no very great importance; the telegraph system is supposed to ensure public safety, but the telegraph system may be worked on those comic principles announced by the Chepstow night-policeman in the course of his very comic "inquiry" before Captain Tylor, who must by this time begin to think the Government inquiry a standing joke in every sense of the term. We are speaking of that simple droll, the telegrapher, who "could work the telegraph, but who did not telegraph the trains regularly, only when he thought it necessary." This is how we stand; here are our dangers, and here our securities. It is not consoling, but what we want the public mind fully to realize and appreciate is this—that in travelling by a railway train (and the better the train the more certain is the fact) we go on in the absolute and total ignorance, on the part not only of the passengers, but of some official or other, possibly of all the officials, of what is before us, perhaps just one hundred yards; that there is absolutely no provision whatever, either for keeping the line clear, or for the officials in charge knowing whether the line is clear or not; that there is no responsibility; that there is nothing, as things are, and as the traffic is, to prevent any of the great railways interjecting confusedly, just anyhow, any special train, be it of goods or passengers, into the very thick of the ordinary and regular traffic; that this practice is daily on the increase; that the most fatal and proved experience of its risks only makes matters worse, and daily more dangerous; and that all Government inquiries and coroners' inquests on these railway accidents amount to so much bottled moonshine. This is all, but that all amounts to a good deal.

THE ORDNANCE SELECT COMMITTEE.

WE have recently had occasion to speak with some severity of the Ordnance Select Committee. We commented on the enormous waste of public money which had arisen from the long continued neglect of Captain Moncrieff's invention. Our observations did not point to the Ordnance Select Committee alone, but it was thought necessary that the gallant inventor should descend into the arena and say what he could in their defence. In considering the letter of their advocate, we were driven to the conclusion that the Ordnance Select Committee had been informed of the invention a long time ago, and had, with almost inconceivable blindness, determined to reject it; and we challenged the Committee and their defenders to state when the invention was made known to them, and what steps they took in consequence. Of course the challenge was not taken up, and no one now doubts that many years ago the Committee whose function it was to bring forward all promising discoveries rejected the one invention that was worth more than all that they passed. After this, we shall not be supposed to be actuated by partiality if we say that, in spite of their one grievous blunder and some other minor sins, this Experimental Committee has been the means of introducing new methods into the service which have enormously increased the efficiency of our means both of attack and defence, and have saved fifty times over the cost of the experiments which the Committee have conducted. We owe to them the introduction of Armstrong artillery, the

adoption of the Palliser chilled iron for shot, by which a saving of millions upon the cost of steel projectiles must eventually be realized, while, in conjunction with the Iron Plate Committee—an offshoot of the Ordnance Committee, strengthened by the accession of some able civilians—they have so completely solved the target problem that we know to the fraction of an inch how much iron we must put upon a ship to enable it to resist, not merely any given specimen of our own artillery, but that of almost every foreign nation; and we know, besides, in what form the required protection can be secured at the absolute minimum of weight and cost. Many other scarcely less valuable results may be traced to their experiments. And yet that something was wrong in their constitution, or in the conditions of their work, followed inevitably from their one crowning blunder; and the moral to be drawn seemed to be that the personnel of the Committee should be strengthened, and that they should be relieved, if possible, from the excessive overwork which is the only possible explanation of their lamentable oversight in the Moncrieff business. What had been done and what had been left undone alike proved beyond question the incalculable benefit which a really efficient experimenting body could confer upon the country.

Not in consequence of the special shortcomings which we deplored, but as part of the marvellous scheme of transformation which Generals Storks and Balfour have been so long concocting at the War Office, the Ordnance Select Committee (as we learn from the *Army and Navy Gazette*) has been or is to be abolished. Whether the change will be for good or evil depends on the character of the body on which the functions of the doomed Committee are to fall. If experiments are likely under the new direction to be more efficient, and fatal mistakes less frequent, than they have been, the army reformers are entitled to the gratitude of the nation. But if the blindfold system of old times is to be restored, and the experimental investigations, to which we already owe so much, are to be checked or got rid of, the result of the new arrangement will probably be to save a few thousands in preliminary trials, and waste as many millions in ignorant construction. Before forming any opinion on the wisdom of the sentence which has gone forth against General Lefroy's Committee, it is most important to know the nature of the proposed substitute. And that we may be the better able to judge of its quality, it will not be amiss to refer briefly to the modifications which have from time to time been made in the constitution of our Experimental Committees. Almost from time immemorial some body of the kind has existed, but up to the year 1859 the work done was not found to be satisfactory. In that year the Ordnance Committee was reorganized on its present basis, and in 1860 a Report on Military Organization was issued, which contains the history of previous efforts, and the justification of the then inchoate arrangement. This is a very instructive document, which seems to have escaped the notice of the present reformers, who are perhaps too busy in destroying what exists to find time to study the past history of projects very similar to their own. It appears that before 1859 the experimental work of the army was entrusted to a rather unwieldy Committee, including almost all the heads of departments at Woolwich, and a few eminent, ill-paid, and consequently inactive associates from the scientific world. The working of this body was just what might have been expected. If the head of the Laboratory, or the Carriage, or any other department hit off what he thought a good invention, the machinery of the Committee was brought actively to bear upon its real or supposed capabilities, while a tacit understanding existed to discourage—"repress" seems to be the technical word—the inventions of mere outsiders. This seems to be the result of the inquiry of 1860, and certainly the useful novelties introduced before 1859 bore no sort of proportion to those which have been recognised under the régime which was then established. The leading idea of the change was to entrust the duty of conducting experiments to an independent Committee, who should not be distracted by other avocations, or exposed to personal bias. This, as was pointed out at the time by General Burgoyne, was the only rational scheme of organization. On this footing the Ordnance Select Committee was constituted, and has subsisted to the present time. As compared with the old Woolwich Committee, it has been brilliantly successful, though, in contrast with what it might have done and ought to have done, its work is sadly deficient. What is needed now is a Committee which shall be as great an improvement on the existing body as that was on its predecessor, with more strength to deal with its work, and more authority and resolution to dispose summarily of insignificant inquiries, so as to leave ample time for the mature consideration of really important matters.

So far as we can gather, the Storks-Balfour project is exactly the reverse of what experience would suggest. In principle it seems to be intended to revert to the old plan which was exploded in 1859. Instead of having an independent Committee, with nothing else to do except to investigate new inventions, the theory now in favour is to discourage as much as possible the whole system of experiment, from which, imperfectly as it has been worked, we have derived such enormous benefits in the last ten years. It is said that the chiefs of the new Committee are to be the Commandant of Woolwich Arsenal and his deputy, whose time will be, or ought to be, wholly taken up by the other duties of their responsible positions. We should not be surprised to learn that the other members of the Committee are to be officers with special duties of their own, which will interfere in future, as they were found to interfere before 1859, with the successful conduct of

experimental investigations. If this should prove really to be the scheme in contemplation, it would be difficult to imagine anything more deplorable; and if it is to be carried into operation, as is rumoured, by the removal of the present Director of Ordnance during his absence on a foreign mission, the tactics will bear a singular likeness to those pursued when Colonel Erskine was promoted, in his absence, from a higher to a lower position. It seems that the projectors of the new scheme are conscious that the Board which they propose to create will be utterly unable to conduct the experiments required to test the numerous improvements which—partly from within, and much more from without, the limits of the service—are continually coming to the surface; and it is supposed to be in contemplation to appoint a Special Committee, *pro hac vice*, whenever a proposal of extraordinary merit may be brought forward. The obvious objection to this spasmodic system is, that there will be no one competent to decide what cases a Special Committee ought to be appointed; and, to take a single case as an illustration, we may be quite sure that Captain Moncrieff's great invention, which was repressed so long even by the comparatively competent Ordnance Committee, would never have come to the front at all if it had depended on obtaining the preliminary appointment of a Special Committee. The one apparent gain, but real loss, will be that we shall spend less upon experiments—or, in other words, we shall work more in the dark. Of all the money spent upon the army and navy, the 20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.*, or whatever the vote may be, for experiments is the most productive. No one can estimate the large savings and the great increase of efficiency which have been actually secured by it, or the still larger savings and increased efficiency which might be fairly expected if the Experimental Committee were made in every sense stronger, instead of weaker—stronger in brains, in time for leisurely consideration, and if needful, though we are not sure that it is, stronger in numbers also. For any establishment which spends millions every year to starve the department whose function it is to ascertain in what form the money may be most economically and carefully laid out, is just one of those blunders which make the painful contrast between Government and private organization. The larger the expenditure, and the more progressive the science which ought to guide it, the greater is the value of careful preliminary inquiry. No establishment can spend on a more magnificent scale than that which is entrusted with the armament of our forces by land and sea, and few sciences have shown themselves so progressive in modern times as the science of attack and defence. And yet we fear it is in this—that for the sake, perhaps, of parading a paltry saving on the experimental vote—it is seriously contemplated to abandon the rational principle of testing every novelty before adopting it on the gigantic scale which is requisite for the supply of the army and navy.

We shall be very glad to hear that we are misled as to the character of the new organization which it is proposed to substitute for the Ordnance Committee; but if we are not, we shall have to thank the abnormal powers that just now rule the War Office for a little revolution scarcely less mischievous than their abortive schemes for absorbing into military hands the whole financial government of the army.

OUR POLICE AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

PERHAPS there never was a national characteristic so cheaply earned as that which the English people has appropriated in the epithet "practical." If the word denotes the capacity to do that which is absolutely and permanently the best thing to be done in any given circumstances, the epithet is singularly inapplicable. If it means only dexterity in choosing temporary expedients, and getting out of a great mess by a makeshift or a series of makeshifts, it is not so ill merited. But this definition saves the character of the people by sacrificing the precision of its language; and, after all, denotes a very humble sort of quality. In no instance has the disproportion between the value of the epithet and the justness of its application been more evident than in the mode of dealing with our criminals. We have fairly boxed the compass in the variety and multifariousness of our treatment. We have been at one time unreasonably severe, and at another idiotically lax. We purged ourselves of our worst convicts at one time under the instinct of a natural self-preservation; at another time we made our towns and cities the abode and shelter of our convicted felony. It is now twenty years since we were all fighting the question of convict transportation. Colonies, the wealth and greatness of which had been built on convict transportation, waxed proud, and kicked against a system which was their original *raison d'être*. Meetings were held in Australia and at the Cape, in which the language of indignation touched closely on that of rebellion. Delegates were sent to England to harangue the provincial cities on the iniquities of a punishment which was stated to press far more cruelly on the colonists than on the convicts. The British public was carried off its legs by the highly-coloured stories of convict horrors. Incapable of seeing two sides of a question at the same moment, it entirely forgot its own interests, and thought only of the terrors endured by its Australian and South African countrymen. It could not look beyond the close horizon of present fears and dangers, and therefore it abolished penal transportation without giving a moment's reflection to its own future safety.

The consequences of this one-sided impulsiveness have followed from that day to this. They will, to all appearance, continue

to pursue us for years to come. They were foretold by a few thoughtful and sagacious men at the time. But the utter incapacity of the British public and its representatives to realize more than one conception at once, deadened the effect of these warnings. Gradually transportation was diminished till it almost died out. As gradually there grew up at home a population to which our cities had previously been wholly unused. Men convicted of the crimes which were formerly punished with transportation were only sent to gaol; and, under a system which seemed the very embodiment of irregularity, came out of gaol before they had been either sufficiently punished or sufficiently reformed, to graduate in the vocation in which they were yet tyros. Many of them, under the old order of things, would have at least found inducements and facilities for self-reformation in Australia. The young, suddenly tempted to the commission of their first and only crime, would have gladly welcomed the opportunity which was afforded by a new country and new conditions to re-enter on a career of honesty. After the expiration of their sentence they would have embraced with zest, as so many of their class had before embraced, some of the many forms of industry with which colonial life is replete. The old country would never have seen them again, except in the character of returned millionaires. Others, older, more hardened, and more ferocious, would have resumed in the colonies the life of crime in which they had been arrested in England, only to expiate their guilt by the hands of the colonial hangman. The country from which they had been extruded would have known nothing of their after career. It would not have been subjected either to alarm or to expense by the report of their crimes and the influence of their example. We should have dismissed them from our memories and our estimates the moment after their conviction. We cannot do this now. The convict whose eccentric notions of property or whose idiosyncratic tendencies to personal violence bring him within reach of the law, disappears below the social horizon only for a brief period, to reappear in all the undimmed glories of his original audacity. If the sentence imposed upon him is disproportionately mild, it is almost sure to be still further reduced in conformity with some absurd principle of spurious philanthropy. At any rate, he and the like of him reappear above the surface after a short and partial obscuration. During the time of his imprisonment he has profited by numerous opportunities of comparing with his confraternity their notes of criminal experience, and analysing the received theories of thieving, burglary, and garotting. Each succeeding year adds to the number of those whom a judicial sentence has made familiar with the lenity of our punishments and the sweet converse of gaol companions. Each year they come out of gaol, to express in act the projects of their involuntary seclusion, to practise those more strategical methods which they have discussed in the brief moments of stolen or permitted intercourse, and—what is more noteworthy than all besides—to train up young pupils in the profession which they themselves adorn. Necessarily and naturally, crime is a profession with these men. There is nothing else for them to turn to. The worst of them have been criminals ever since they can remember anything. They were born, nurtured, and weaned in crime. They have seen and done nothing else. They have heard nothing else except the boasts and oaths of criminals ever since they had perception of anything. They priggled before they could walk. They lisped in blasphemy, for the oaths came by instinct. They have never learned any honest mechanic art beyond the knowledge required to disguise their actual under a professed vocation. Work they both hate and despise, and they despise it rather more than they hate it. Their attachment to crime is partly the effect of tradition, partly of disposition. They come, generally, of a long lineage of vagrants, idlers, paterers, tramps, beggars, and thieves. They have convictions that the laws of society are unsound, particularly as regards the distribution of property. Their political economy is a system of communism, and their practical wisdom consists in putting their theory into practice. This class is largely augmented each year. It appropriates certain neighbourhoods to itself. And these neighbourhoods are always in or close to large towns. Large towns offer the twofold inducement of plunder and an asylum. They afford facilities of combining, conspiring, and co-operating. They further afford the means and the opportunity of corrupting the neighbouring poor. In all trades there are many men who are out of employment for weeks together, and whom poverty compels to reside in remote and noisome alleys. Men thus accessible to temptation, brought within the noxious influence of time-expired convicts, too frequently become their pupils and confederates. And thus it is that the circle of crime keeps widening and widening beyond the limits of its original sphere. A neighbourhood grows up in which a large proportion of the residents, though not habitually and professionally criminal, looks with no disapprobation on criminals, and helps them in their evasion of justice and their resistance to the police.

All these things should be borne in mind when we talk of the duties of the police, and the inadequacy of the present body to discharge them. We have large, increasing, and strongly supported hordes of men who are notoriously living on the proceeds of crime. But, though they are known, they are unassailable by the police except when caught in the actual commission of lawless acts, or when formally charged with their commission. This is the first and most serious impediment to the effective discharge of the constable's functions. His course of daily routine takes him among, or close to, the haunts of burglars, forgers, and garotters,

who laugh in confident security at his impotent perambulations. The law of England, as they well know, unlike the law of every other nation, holds its protecting shield over men whose subsistence can only be earned by its infraction, and thus it cripples the power of its own officers. The axioms of English criminal law were founded either on the experience of a very exceptional epoch, or on some transcendental theories wholly unintelligible now. They are almost fatal to the detection of lawless projects. Before the police can half satisfy the expectations of the public, at any rate in London, it should be armed with preventive powers similar to those exercised by the Continental police. Even then it might fail to do that which its Continental contemporaries do habitually. First, there is the national jealousy of domiciliary visits which the practised eloquence of an Old Bailey lawyer would easily evoke on behalf of the most truculent scoundrel. Bill Sykes himself might be made to figure as the victim of unconstitutional inquisitiveness in the minds of a jury of tradesmen, none of whom had ever felt the masterly touch of the garrotter. Even if he were unable to purchase the assistance of so accomplished an advocate, the blundering perversity of some Assistant-Judge might be equally useful to him. Next to having a wonderful jurisprudence, which protects malefactors more than their victims, there is nothing like having Judges of a certain calibre. A Judge who makes up his mind that policemen are to be always disbelieved, and that every prisoner who represents himself as an artisan seeking work and his plunder-bag as a tool-chest, is to be implicitly believed, does more for the encouragement of crime than can be neutralized by a hundred constables. Indeed, when we see how the police may be badgered by rogues' advocates on and below the Bench, we do not wonder at the apathy and inertness with which they are often charged.

While we advocate the enactment of laws which would place notorious criminals under the permanent supervision of the police, we by no means agree with those who condemn the system of police-drill. Policemen have to act, not only separately, but in bodies. They have to work in concert, not only against thieves and roughts in their homesteads, but also against rioters in the open streets. The whole force of the constabulary is numerically weak in reference to the work imposed upon it. Not one man who can be spared should be used. Now one of the objects of this obnoxious drill is to economize power, to avoid an undue waste of numbers, to make four men do the effective work of six or eight. This is what soldiers learn from their drill, and policemen ought to be equally available. A body of men who bungled and floundered about when surrounded in close quarters, or confronted in the open streets, would be worse than useless as preservers of the Queen's peace. We still regret that the force is normally under the command of men who correspond only to non-commissioned officers, though, like the non-commissioned officers of the army, they have many admirable qualities. But the superior kind of officer does not exist in the force as it is now constituted. Whether it ever will exist, depends on the will of the Government and the next House of Commons. As this would be a reasonable amendment, it is probable that it would be resisted by a House which represented the average intelligence of the ratepayers. As to the retirement of Sir R. Mayne, it is understood that the present Government has already suggested this step to him, but without success. Nor is this to be wondered at. A moribund Administration is generally a desperate jobber; and a Cabinet which, in the full flush of its powers, jobbed three Australian Governments with the levity of the Disraeli Cabinet, is not likely to postpone party to patriotic considerations in the supreme hour of its existence. Perhaps, therefore, Sir R. Mayne is, after all, to be applauded rather than blamed for having deferred his resignation till the advent of a new Ministry. An incapable new head of police would be an evil of the very greatest magnitude. Appointed by the influence of a party, he would be practically irremovable until he had thoroughly demoralized the force under his command. A strong Government would not dream of jobbing so important an office. But even the appointment of a young and active successor to the present chief would fail to counterbalance the serious evils to which the absurd principles of our jurisprudence, and their more absurd extension by crotchety and foolish functionaries, necessarily conduce. The next generation will never know what it is to rest securely in their beds, unless the law ceases to talk nonsense and magistrates cease to expound folly.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

UNLESS the hope that springs eternal in the human breast is abnormally developed in its female possessors, not one of the 5,346 women who claimed to be put on the register of voters at Manchester could have expected any other decision than that at which the Court of Common Pleas arrived on Monday. It is a curious instance of the unscientific character of English law that the question should have presented sufficient uncertainty to allow of its even being raised. There was an unbroken tradition of some centuries against the supposed right, and even Mr. Coleridge's ingenuity failed to make out a plausible explanation why, if it had ever been exercised, it should so completely have fallen into abeyance. He succeeded, indeed, in unearthing several amusing instances of female intervention in matters now exclusively managed by men; but not one of these had any beyond a remote reference to the right of voting at elections. Upon the fact that

knights of the shire were formerly elected at the County Court he built a theory that women, who were certainly competent to appear there as litigants and as witnesses, must have been competent also to sit as judges, and consequently as voters. The statute of Marlbridge, which exempts religious of both sexes from attending "for the turns of sheriffs," became, according to his construction of it, a positive argument for the "legal right of women to attend these assemblies equally with men"—certainly a striking example of the exception which proves the rule. The early Parliamentary returns were equally fruitful in Mr. Coleridge's hands. The original form of sending members was by indentures between the Crown and the electors, and in several cases these indentures were signed by women. The name of Dame Elizabeth Copley is affixed to such an indenture under Edward VI., and again under Philip and Mary; and, under Elizabeth, Dame Dorothy Pakington testifies to the return of the members "whom," she says, "I have chosen to be my burgesses for the said town of Aylesbury." This was the evidence on which Mr. Coleridge contended that, up to the eighth year of Henry VI., women, as members of the County Court, had taken part in Parliamentary elections. It was an easier task to show that, assuming this, they were not excluded by the Act of that year, which provides that the knights of the shire shall be chosen in every county by people whereof every one shall have free land or tenement to the value of forty shillings by the year. No doubt, if "people" meant women before the Act, it might mean women after the Act. But the maintenance of Mr. Coleridge's position required that the possibility that it might mean women after the Act should be taken as proof that it had meant women before the Act. Why, in dwelling on the case of "Olive v. Ingram," which established that women might fill the office of sexton, Mr. Coleridge should have displayed such unnecessary candour as to quote the words of Mr. Justice Probyn, is not evident. We suspect that, with Miss Becker sitting in the jury-box, the temptation was too strong to be resisted. "This," said the Judge, "is a ministerial office which requires neither skill nor understanding. . . . But this cannot determine that women may vote for members of Parliament, as that choice requires an improved understanding which women are not supposed to have." The natural aptitude of women for acting as pew-openers, which may be regarded as the feminine side of the sexton's character, leaves no doubt that the Court decided rightly. It is possible, however, that if Mr. Justice Probyn had lived now he would have hesitated, since the introduction of household suffrage, before declaring that the choice of members of Parliament "requires an improved understanding."

The mists in which an advocate's antiquarian fancy had involved the subject were soon dissipated by the common sense of the Bench. For the intervening Sunday Mr. Coleridge's clients might dream of the coming excitement of the hustings and the polling-booth. But on the Monday morning the vision faded all too soon under the rude hand of Chief Justice Bovill and his colleagues. The Chief Justice gave Mr. Coleridge the full benefit of his medieval instances. He inclined, indeed, to think that Dame Elizabeth Copley and Dame Dorothy Pakington had acted either as returning officers, or as ladies of their respective manors. But he was willing to allow that there "might be some instances in early times of women having voted and assisted in legislation." At best, however, it was a case of presumption, and in this respect a few isolated cases could avail little against the usage of several centuries. It was not necessary, however, to travel out of the limits of the Representation of the People Act in order to determine who was entitled to vote under its provisions. The Judges held unanimously that the clause providing that the Act should be construed as one with the Reform Act of 1832 made "man" in the later statute identical with "male person" in the earlier one, and so left no room for the application of Lord Romilly's Act. Mr. Justice Willes alone thought it necessary to make his peace with the appellants by protesting against being supposed to under-rate either the intellect or the industry of women. The tendency of civilization had been to remove them from scenes of strife and conflict, and, as a necessary consequence of this tendency, they had ceased to take any part in elections. If Mr. Justice Willes's reading of constitutional history in its relation to sex should be adopted as accurate, we shall probably have the whole energies of the female claimants in Manchester and elsewhere going to swell an agitation for voting-papers; and the judicial reasoning seems certainly open to the answer that it would be better to make an election less a scene of strife and conflict than to recognize it in that character by excluding from the proceedings those whose "honour and decency" require to be held in especial respect. It is not necessary, in deciding the question whether women now possess the franchise, to enter into the much wider question whether they ought to possess it. But it is always well, if you discuss a subject at all, to give good reasons for the view you take of it; and in this case the omission to do this was so obvious that we are reduced to supposing Mr. Justice Willes to be, in his private capacity, an advocate of the cause which as judge he was obliged to dismiss.

The real honours of the fray rest with Dr. Pankhurst, and we feel sure that his 5,346 clients will not be slow to express, by glowing words and thrilling glances, the gratitude which animates their swelling hearts. Other men have argued points at extraordinary length. Dr. Pankhurst, alone among advocates, has claimed to argue them all over again not five minutes after judgment has been given. Dr. Pankhurst had been the junior

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counsel in the preceding case, and we can imagine that his soul had burned within him as he listened to his leader touching lightly on a score of forgotten cases, any one of which, if properly handled, might have occupied the Court for a working day. He felt that, if he could only have the chance, the Judges would not be let off so easily. At length fortune seemed to put the prize within his grasp. When the second case was called on, Mr. Coleridge declined to argue it. In another moment Dr. Pankhurst would have been deep in the constitution of County Courts, the statute of Marlbridge, the effect of the Act of Henry VI., and the precise political status of Dame Dorothy Pakington. It was Mr. Justice Willes who saw the avalanche of argument poised on the Doctor's tongue, and interposed to stay its descent. "It is not allowable," he said with cruel composure, "to resist an established principle of law. What is the distinction between this case and the last? We have established it as a principle of law that women cannot vote." What is the distinction between this case and the last! The Judge might as well have asked a mother what is the difference between her baby and somebody else's. No doubt, to Dr. Pankhurst's fond maternal eye, every one of the 5,346 cases had some distinctive characteristic, something that would have yielded material for a fresh speech. As it was, however, his answer was hardly equal to the occasion. "It is a very important case, and the details are different." But was not the first case an important one also? The appellant in both seems to have been the same person, and we cannot admit that it was a matter of great moment that Miss Chorlton should be allowed a vote for a county, and a mere trifle whether she was allowed one for a borough. And then the assertion that the details were different seemed to concede the fact that the principle of the two cases was the same, which we are sure was not Dr. Pankhurst's meaning. He would be rather disposed to maintain that there was a distinct and separate principle involved in each of the 5,346 cases, and that each ought to be heard and decided on its own individual merits. By and by, however, it appeared that the "details" on which Dr. Pankhurst founded his claim to speak were merely that the appellant was a freeholder; and unluckily, Mr. Coleridge had already gone over this ground for want of a better. If you cannot show that a woman has ever voted for a borough member, the next best thing is to show that she might have voted for a knight of the shire. The Court ignorantly thought, therefore, that they had heard all that Dr. Pankhurst could say, but Dr. Pankhurst himself knew better. He had gauged by experience the torrent of words which the Judges were ruthlessly damming up. "Your judgment," he told his persecutors, "is inchoate, and might be altered during the term." Doubtless he felt that, if he could but make a start, he could speak from now till Christmas; and if so, what hopes might he not entertain of getting the Court to agree to anything which would have the effect of silencing Dr. Pankhurst? If he failed, it would not be for want of materials. The mass of them is so great "that it is impossible to have them all from the mouth of one man." We feel sure that Dr. Pankhurst here does himself an injustice. A man who, under the circumstances, was eager to speak at all would have been capable of exhausting any subject; and we congratulate those suitors in the Common Pleas whose causes are on the paper for this term, that the unwillingness of the Court to be instructed has left the field open for other business.

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

THE death of the Marquis of Hastings is not merely a painful incident in domestic life. It comprises something more than the miserable end of many outrages on social propriety. The heir of sixteen peerages in his own person, and the representative of a long line of historical ancestors mounting up to the misty annals of the Norman Conquest, is no common man, and the extinction of most of these honours creates a gap in English life. The House of Rawdon is heard of before Stephen's time. Sir George Rawdon was in his day a statesman of repute; students still refer to the Rawdon Letters. Lady Elizabeth Hastings—the Lady Betty Hastings familiar as a benefactress to the University of Oxford—as heiress of the House of Huntingdon, united the mythic name of Robin Hood to the blood of the Caroline statesman. The reign of the great Marquis of Hastings in India brought the honours of the ancient house up to their zenith. The Governor-General's grandson has sunk them below the nadir. But this is by no means the lesson of the history of the poor young man who has just died in dishonour and disgrace; it is his life, not his death, which concerns us. *Debemur morti nos nostraque*; the great houses of England are such only in name. The true Percy and the real De Vere are not in existence. Henry Weysford Charles Plantagenet Rawdon-Hastings in this proud array of names represented but a succession of collaterals and female descents, and intermarriages of commoners with the ancestral blue blood. The extinction of the Marquisate of Hastings scarcely comes up, even in historical and genealogical interest, to the failure of the Shrewsbury peerage. Why is it, then, that this event—not a very important one—occupies people's minds, or at any rate their mouths, even on the very eve of a General Election?

The life history of the late Lord Hastings is more touching than any sensational novel. At nine years of age this ill-starred young man succeeded to the splendid estates and even more splendid titles of his house. "Lord of himself, that heritage

of woe," he has managed to exhaust the superb misery of his lot. Eton and Oxford did nothing for him, or at any rate he had not the gifts or graces to profit by his opportunities. Born in 1842, he attained his majority scarcely more than five years ago, and into those five years he managed to compress all the weaknesses and too many of the vices of a long career of folly and dissipation. We believe that he planted his first steps on Newmarket Heath at the mature age of twenty; so that it has taken six years to dissipate his fortune, to shatter his health, to ruin his reputation, and to bring the old proud name to destruction in the midst of a perfect chaos of disgrace and evil fame. How far the man, or how far his associates, are in fault, we none of us know. We suppose that the poor young Lord never had a friend, or that "confederates," trainers, and managers so early occupied the ground, and so rapidly mastered a mind which must always have been weak, that there was no place for a Mentor for this unpromising Telemachus. We are glad to dismiss with contemptuous brevity the scandalous history of this young man's marriage, or the still more scandalous chronicles of his private life. He either had the sad and tragic fate of attracting all the elements of evil life to himself, or of being destined to bring disgrace on all with which he connected himself. If he was the victim of plots contrived to ruin him, the late Lord Hastings, consciously or not, contrived to visit the ruin which he suffered on plenty of other people. It does not appear that he was always a loser on the Turf. Either that wiser Satan who tempts by making rich, not making poor, adopted the old and successful trick which most certainly lures the gamester to destruction through the fascination of first winnings, or it may have suited those into whose hands he fell to make his first Turf seasons rather profitable than otherwise. Anyhow, success, such as it was, in betting only brought the more fearful collapse. We are not going into the odious details of the last two Derbies, or the story of the mysterious "scratchings," and all the rest of it; nor are we going to pry into the stable or other secrets which have made the names of The Earl and Lady Elizabeth a national concern and almost a national disgrace. Very likely we shall hear more of these matters in the Law Courts. There is but one gleam of promise in all that is connected with the history of the last of the Hastings race. So completely has the Turf been of late discredited, and so closely is its degradation and demoralization associated with Lord Hastings's history, that if henceforth it becomes, like prize-fighting, a pursuit which men of honour and self-respect feel obliged to relinquish, we shall then, for his indirect contribution to public decency, have reason to think that something has been gained by this poor unhappy man's life.

The convenient philosophy which connects morals with what is called idiosyncrasy, or a man's temperament, may perhaps say that it was not so much the man as his nervous system which was in this case at fault. Very likely Lord Hastings was of a weak constitution, and of an idle and at the same time highly nervous temperament. Though a master of hounds, he was the worst sportsman who ever hunted the Quorn; and on the Turf he seems to have neglected, or never found himself able to comprehend, that which alone makes horse-racing a refined pursuit. It was not so much the blood or the bottom of the horses that he studied, as their practical use as the chequers by which he played his tremendous games of gambling. Whether it was simple fatuity which consigned him as a prey to the devices of the Ring, or whether gambling had become a fanaticism to him, it is not for us to know. We have not the materials on which to pronounce. Enough that conscience, judgment, and feeling must all have been obliterated before such a career was lived through. And now the end has come. A constitution, feeble from the first, has been actually long-lived when it has taken a lustrum of such a constant strain on body and mind, culminating in such a crash of ruin and disgrace, to destroy it. The one aspect of Lord Hastings's fate from which we have viewed it may be discussed in a single sentence. If horse-racing can be continued with sole regard to its original purpose, the breeding and improvement of the horse, let horse-racing, as it deserves to do, flourish. But horse-racing and the Turf and the betting-ring are very different things. Betting upon horse-races as a business is generally and largely demoralizing to society—from the Peer down to the shabby scoundrel of the betting-office, and the embezzling shopboy at the police-court; and if the Turf, as distinct from the race, receives a severe check from public opinion upon Lord Hastings's death, the better for us all. We are not sanguine; but we may at least hope somewhat against hope.

The lesson to the English Peerage is so plain that it were impertinent to enlarge upon it. With every chance in their favour, for the most part the Peers of our own days have creditably availed themselves of that packing of the cards in which they are the honours. Few political pedants grudge the Peers their place, so long as they fill it with such general credit, and sometimes distinction, as they do. The English Peers, for the most part, know and show that, as none of us are simply our own, so an English nobleman almost less than anybody else can insult and defy public opinion, which, after all, is but public morality. *Noblesse oblige*; and it generally does oblige, in all but the very fewest cases, to decency, and often to distinction. But two or three such as Lord Hastings would do that damage to the Peerage which the public services of Russells and Granvilles, Salisburys and Carnarvons, may be strained to avert. This noble spendthrift's career is ill-timed for his order; a

repetition, or many repetitions, of it may be fatal. Public opinion in these days is like Milton's public justice, and

that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

REVIEWS.

MR. MAURICE ON THE CONSCIENCE.*

IN Mr. Maurice's volume upon the Conscience there are two distinct elements which must be valued apart in order to do justice to the writer. One of these elements is the personal and human character impressed upon all Mr. Maurice says. Nothing that comes before us in speech or writing is more charming than the flowing *abandon* of his utterances, the chivalrous egotism, the noble honesty of sentiment which refreshes and elevates amidst the arid literature manufactured for the market. Mr. Maurice is well aware of the weight of personality in all talk about human affairs, as well as in the actual conduct of affairs. He says in this volume:—

We ought to look upon books, not as a collection of written letters, but as the utterances of living men; if they are not, they are nothing. There may be much cruelty in the exposures which have been made of the ways and habits of authors who have not been anxious to obtrude them on the world, who have only wished to say something which they thought they had to say. But on the whole it is good that a man should be recognised as a being, and not merely as a speaker; as having spoken out something of his own very self.—P. 192.

Mr. Maurice responds, both spontaneously and on principle, to the wish expressed by Mr. Grote that writers would be more egotistic, inasmuch as we should understand better what they meant if they described how the thing came to present itself to their minds. How agreeably in the present volume the doctrinal is interspersed with the personal, the following characteristic effusion may serve to show:—

I will not point a moral against others, and avoid the application of it to myself. As I have pleaded for egotism I will commit a flagrant act of egotism, very humiliating to me, I hope of some good to you. I remember what no other single person in the world will remember, that when I was an undergraduate in this University, I wrote a foolish parody on a book of Mr. Bentham, who was then living. It was the easiest thing possible to travesty his style, which was full, especially in his later days, of peculiarities, very interesting to a real student of thought and language, merely tempting to an idler, such as I was, to ridicule. I do not suppose so silly a composition did harm to any one but the writer. A gnat's sting may annoy a giant, so it might have given a moment's distress to the old man if he had met with it. I trust, as scarcely any one else read it, that he never did. But slight as may have been the consequences of the act, my conscience says distinctly I ought not to have done it; I showed by doing it that I was wanting in reverence for grey hairs, and for the continuous effort of a man through a long life, at the risk of pain, at the cost of pleasure, to effect what he thought good for his fellows.—P. 48.

If a severe censor is tempted to tax such confessions with amiable weakness, he will have to admit that it is a weakness which is more winning, and which goes further to secure the attention of a class, than his own more rigid sense would do. If the business of a Professor of Moral Philosophy be to make young men good, Mr. Maurice is in his right place. He is always the teacher and preacher. He is urging, winning, encouraging to virtue, to nobility of thinking. His lectures are sermons—sermons not tedious, but full of inspiration. We rise from hearing or reading them with detestation of all that is selfish and mean, and with a lively impression that there is such a thing as goodness after all.

There is, however, another side to Mr. Maurice's volume on the Conscience, from which it is not possible to derive any edification. Professors of Moral Philosophy usually regard themselves as under an obligation to expound the science of morals. Professor Maurice declines this office. He "will not enter into these controversies of learned men" (p. 35). He "leaves fictions to the philosophers" (p. 163), and "rejoices that he belongs to a country which is so little interested in mental philosophy as England is" (203). Dr. Whewell, when he filled Mr. Maurice's chair, repudiated the title of Professor of Casuistry. The seventeenth-century founder of the Chair at Cambridge, Dr. Knightbridge, directed it to be styled the Professorship of "Moral Theology and Casuistical Divinity." Dr. Whewell kicked against this whole designation of his subject, but especially against the word "casuistical," as an obsolete branch of misplaced ingenuity, and determined to be, if not to call himself, Professor of Moral Philosophy. Mr. Maurice reverts to the old style, and wishes to be Professor of Casuistry, on the ground that he conceives his business to be that of rousing the individual conscience. He dreads "the temptation to lay down a general scheme of morals, or of human nature." He desires "a more egotistical kind of study." Casuistry, he thinks, is such a study. It brings us face to face with the internal life of each one of us, leaving the world without to the examination of other inquirers.

This step of the present Professor is evidently a step to the rear. Dr. Whewell—it is no disparagement to say it of one who was so great in other directions—was not successful in moral speculation. Trained in other habits of mind, he never acquired that firm grasp of psychological ideas which is requisite in order to

reason upon them. But, with his prodigious power of acquisition, he had arrived at a considerable literary knowledge of what has been said on the subject. A tenth part of his knowledge would have saved Mr. Maurice from retracing the steps of his predecessors, from disowning science and going back to casuistical divinity.

But even this is not the worst. The fact is that these solemn and repeated declarations that he will refrain from teaching his science have no force to hold Mr. Maurice. With characteristic inconsistency he is found in these pages, again and again, forgetting his vows, plunging among moral theories and theories, approving some, condemning others, or advancing something of his own that looks at least very like theory. We must admit that when we come to restate after Mr. Maurice *what* his theory of the conscience is, we are met by the old difficulty—the difficulty of knowing what it is, after all, that he means to say. We have too often experienced this baffling sensation before, in reading Mr. Maurice's books, to be surprised at finding it here again. Yet it seems to us that in these lectures he has floundered into a deeper quagmire than usual. Perhaps it is that the subject he is now attempting has depths deeper than those he has been accustomed to deal with. Perhaps other distracting avocations have deprived the lecturer of the leisure necessary for mastering the extant theories of ethics before he was compelled to pronounce upon them. But, whatever may be the cause, the fact is that we are not able to extract from the present volume any tolerable account of the foundation of morals, or the grounds of obligation. The conscience is *not* a faculty of the mind. At least Mr. Maurice declines to call it a "faculty," because, if he did, he "would not be sure that he understood his own meaning." Then, he says, he will find out the meaning of the word from the meaning we give it in ordinary discourse. "What conscience means in the vulgar tongue is more important than what it means in learned books." It may be so. But when we have ascertained the correct colloquial employment of a term, we have but obtained a lexicographical definition. We are not entitled to infer anything as to the properties of the object of which the term is a name. Mr. Maurice, however, rushes along, and having set aside "learned books"—that is, other men's theories—adopts the meaning of the word "conscience" in the vulgar tongue as a sufficient account of the mental phenomena exhibited in moral judgments. "The most exact definition which can be given of the conscience is, it is that in me which says, I ought, or I ought not." Of this definition, so obtained, Mr. Maurice says, that it clears away the difficulties which eminent men have created by controversy about the subject.

Really, moral science must have sunk to a low ebb in a University where such things can be uttered, in the face of a class, by a Professor of Morals, by whatever name he may be called. It may be maintained that philosophy, moral or mental, is no part of knowledge, that it ought not to be represented by a Professor. To the Positivist, all philosophy is a "jargon," and the term "right" a metaphysical fiction. We have not, at this moment, to argue this point, or to defend philosophy as a subject for teaching. But if you have a Professor of Philosophy, and if you require him to lecture, and if he does lecture, and in his lectures delivers authoritative judgments on previous theorists, it must be desirable that he should show his credentials for so doing by evincing some degree of acquaintance with his subject. We venture respectfully to submit to Mr. Maurice that his definition of conscience does not "clear up" any single one of the difficulties, whether "created" by controversy, or inherent in the nature of the thing. It gets rid of them simply by leaving them untouched. We are quite ready to admit that there are difficulties in books on morals which have been created by controversy. Wherever rebuilding is going on, there must be pulling down, and rubbish to be cleared away. But quite distinguishable from the difficulties "created by eminent men in controversy," and towering above the logomachy of books, are the difficulties inherent in the phenomena themselves. What is the standard of right conduct? What is the test or criterion of virtue? In what consists moral obligation? Is conscience a discrimination by the understanding, or an intuition, or an emotion, or a sentiment? All these, and more, are questions which not only may be fairly asked, but which must be answered in some way, before we can say that even the difficulties on the surface are cleared up. To define conscience as "that within me which says I ought, or I ought not," not merely does not clear away any of these difficulties, it suggests them. It is a mode of stating them, or rather a part of them. For while the definition avoids applying to the thing in question any denominative common name, it designates it by one of its attributes—namely, its "claim of supremacy over my conduct." Upon the "Supremacy of Conscience" Mr. Maurice has a separate chapter. He adopts the phrase in its fullest extent. But it will be observed that when we have made the assertion of the "supremacy of conscience," we have already made a great and unauthorized step beyond the definition—a definition which "cleared away" so many difficulties. The definition, "That within me which says I ought, or ought not," only attributes a claim to govern. In the lecture on the "Supremacy of Conscience" this claim is treated as a right; that is to say, the question, What invests conscience with the right to dictate my conduct? is assumed to have been answered. But that question is precisely one of the difficulties of the subject. Other theories, all other theorists, have attempted, successfully or unsuccessfully, to answer this question. Mr. Bain, in his Com-

* The Conscience: Lectures on Casuistry delivered in the University of Cambridge. By F. D. Maurice, Professor of Casuistry and Moral Philosophy. London: Macmillan & Co. 1863.

acquisition of what his edge would be his predilection for the casuistical.

These solemn teaching his characteristic again, for the theorists, something of admit that theory of the difficulty of.

We have in reading ere again. dered into subject he has been advocations mastering pronouncement that we tolerable obligation. Maurice could not says, he coming we means in means in joined the obtained fer any- term is a et aside meaning efficient grments. conscience "Of a way rovery

pendium of Ethics, has recently given elaborate summaries of these various attempts, and has also offered an attempt of his own. Mr. Maurice rejects, with some asperity, Mr. Bain's analysis, but does not supply its place. Yet here we ought to speak with diffidence, for in his Lecture VII., on the "Supremacy of Conscience," we find reference to "a law." Of this law Mr. Maurice speaks, several times, as if conscience was bound to pay obedience to it. This cannot be, consistently with the definition. By the definition of conscience with which we started, conscience claimed to be the law-maker. In the Seventh Lecture we are left in doubt whether law derives its sanction from the enactment of conscience ("that which says") or whether conscience is the executive of a superior law. The nearest approach to a definite solution of the difficulty that we can find is in the following passage:—

If there is that in me which is higher than anything I call my own; if there is that in me which carries me beyond myself; if the conscience is this, then I may indeed speak loftily of it; for it testifies of every man in whom it dwells that "igneus est illi vigor et celestis origo." He may have a clothing of earth; he may have wrapped himself closely in it. But there is in him a fire which the earth did not kindle, there are the signs of a parentage which must be divine.—P. 161.

This passage, which we do not profess entirely to understand, seems to point towards a theory of conscience which might have been full of interest, and which deserved to be developed, but of which we meet with no further statement. It seems to point to a theory both of the origin and of the authority of conscience—both of these being difficulties raised, and not "cleared away," by the definition "that within us which says, &c." If the theory thus obscurely intimated were some transcendental theory of the impersonality of conscience, the attempt to expound it might, had it been made, have thrown some light on the difficulties of the subject—a light which we look for in vain in a volume which is in other respects so genial and characteristic of its respected author.

THE INDIAN TRIBES OF GUIANA.*

THERE are few foreign settlements which have of late years so little occupied the attention of Europe as the once famous and all but fabulous region at the north-east corner of South America. This vast and fertile tract, which may be loosely described as the immense delta between the Orinoco and the Amazon, is one which amongst the manifold and stirring marvels of the New World figured the most conspicuously in the tales of maritime adventure, and in the fanciful structure of popular belief engrafted thereupon. What was known from the reports of the less romantic Dutch explorers as the "Wild Coast" was, to the more poetic fancy of Raleigh and his comrades, "that mighty, rich, and beautiful empire of Guiana." From no part of the new continent came rumours of more glittering treasures, or of monsters of more hideous and unnatural mien. From the reports of the earliest discoverers horrid notions spread abroad of the craft, the strength, and the ferocity of the Carib race. The fancy of our greatest dramatist drew upon this source for shapes of strange and portentous humanity. Two kinds of fearful beings were supposed in the days of Raleigh and Shakespeare to haunt the wild swamps or broad savannahs of Guiana:—

The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

In the heart of that favoured, yet fanciful, land lay, it was believed, a golden region whose riches exceeded those of Mexico or Peru. A branch of the royal race of the Incas, flying before their Spanish conquerors with the residue of their fabled wealth, was said to have established a new empire in Guiana. On the shores of a lake called Parima, whose sands were rich in gold, the descendants of Manco Capac had fixed an abode not less powerful or splendid than that of their exiled founder by the side of Lake Titicaca. The city of Manoa had houses covered with plates of the coveted metal. Not only were all the vessels in the royal palace made of the same, but the natives were said to sprinkle gold-dust over their bodies, which they smeared beforehand with a glutinous ointment. The Prince, wrote an old Spanish author, finding his garments of gold uneasy, washed himself every evening, and was gilded anew by his chamberlain every morning. The charges of exaggeration and falsehood which were brought up against Raleigh proved, indeed, to be among the main causes that led that luckless adventurer to the block; but the impression made by his glowing accounts long remained fixed in the public mind, and has, after all, been to a great extent justified by later and more sober authority. In that region of the Far West was for a long time supposed to have been found the city of unexampled wealth, the golden capital of that land noticed by Milton in his greatest poem—

Yet unspoiled
Guiana, whose great city Geyron's sons
Call El Dorado.

The Carib race, now nearly extinct, made in the early days of their discovery a strong impression upon the learned in Europe, their

cannibal habits being supposed to throw some light upon the origin of the classical stories of the Lestrygonæ and Polyphemus. Whether we are to look to the Caribi of the southern continent or to the insular tribes of the same stock, as the representatives of the aboriginal race, seems open to question. If they came from Florida, as some have conjectured, it is not easy to conceive the time that must have elapsed, not only for so wide a dispersion of their blood and language, but for so great a severance from the speech and the traditions of their mother-country; not to speak of the difficulty of such a change from the character of inland tribes to that of a sea-roving or invading horde. How, on the other hand, supposing this difficulty got over, are we to explain the fact of so many inland tribes of the southern continent having acquired and retained the tongue of the invaders, while the tribes of the coast did not? The affinity between the Caribi dialect and that of the Kápoth (Acauiois, Waikas, &c.), as well as that of the Tamanacs of the Orinoco, and the Chayma Indians to the south of that river, was pointed out by Humboldt. Might not, the writer before us suggests, the island Caribs have been, according to their own tradition, "an offshoot from a common parent stock, once settled in Guiana, but long since broken up, the same perhaps which carved the sculptures on the rocks in the interior, which hieroglyphics the Caribs, in their migrations, would naturally imitate"? He would thus reconcile, in a great measure, the conflicting opinions of Humboldt and Schomburgk respecting those singular remains of antiquity. Carvings resembling those of Guiana, and a language bearing a close affinity to a family of dialects spoken there, still mark the abode of the Caribs in the islands. From being "valiant strangers" on the coast of Florida, they may (reversing the usually assumed order of conquest) have passed on from the Lesser Antilles to the Bahamas, and from those islands fallen back upon the mainland, finding a temporary footing there, whence, when all their conquests were lost, they would naturally seek once more a refuge in the ancient cradle of their race. Since the time of Raleigh it is chiefly upon the high authority of Sir R. Schomburgk that we have to rely for our knowledge of the manifold and widely ramified tribes of Guiana, especially those far removed from the coast. The intrepid surgeon Hortsman was the last to penetrate, in the middle of the last century, as far as the country surrounding the Lake Amucu, in the vain quest of El Dorado. It was this delusive pursuit which from the earliest date engaged the energies of Portuguese, French, Spaniards, and others as well as Englishmen. Mr. Brett gives a rapid summary of these earliest efforts at exploration. Long, however, before the first delusion ended, colonies had been planted along the Atlantic coast by the Dutch, French, and English, and a way to wealth had been offered in the cultivation of the fertile soil, which was more beneficial to the country, while less disappointing to the seekers, than the fabled wealth of El Dorado.

The Dutch had as early as 1580 tried to establish small trading ports on the Pomeroon and the Abari, but had to succumb to the attacks of the Spaniards, as well as of the natives. At the end of the next century they succeeded in planting a colony on the Essequibo, and fortified a small island at the junction of the Masaruni with the Cuyuni, which they named Kyk-over-al. Thence they afterwards removed the seat of government to Fort Island, near the mouth of the Essequibo. Some years later a company, headed by Jan Van Peere, founded a colony on the river Berbice, and protected it by a fort named Nassau. From that point the power of the Hollanders gradually spread over the western part of the coast of Guiana. Surinam, as the province has been generally named, has always kept up a flourishing trade, the Dutch having here, as in Java, displayed their wonted skill in colonial government. The population in 1859, according to Keith Johnston, amounted to 110,118; and the exports of sugar, cotton, cocoa, &c., to Great Britain alone amounted to 127,572*l*. The eastern coast remained for some years later in the possession of the wild Indian tribes. At length the French, who had made many attempts to settle in Brazil, and had been as frequently repulsed by the Portuguese, turned their attention to the country north of the Amazon. A colony of twenty-six persons from Rouen settled in 1626 on the Sinamari. A few years later a larger company took possession of the island of Cayenne. In 1644 upwards of three hundred men were led thither by M. de Brétigny. But the whole of these were extirpated by the fierce Galibis or Caribs. Another expedition of eight hundred men in 1652 was not more successful. It was not till twelve years later that the French, under M. de la Barre, succeeded in fixing themselves in Cayenne. It cannot be said that French Guiana has at any time approached in commercial or political importance to its sister settlements under Dutch or English rule. It has of late years acquired unenviable notoriety as a penal settlement for the detention of political prisoners. Cayenne was formally set apart for that purpose, by Imperial decree, in 1852. From a return of the year 1857, it appears that there were at that time, at nine different stations in the island, 3,358 unfortunate persons under the category of State prisoners.

The Brazilian settlement towards the north, and the settlements of Columbia or Venezuela to the north-west, though less firmly organized, and still peopled to a great extent by roving Indian tribes, are yet rich in natural products, having their exports of cotton, tobacco, coffee, &c., and being particularly adapted for rearing cattle. The English, besides their original settlements on the Essequibo, in many respects the fairest and most fertile of the whole, became, by the fortune of war, early in the present century, masters of the entire territory of Guiana. In 1814, when Surinam and Cayenne were restored to

* *The Indian Tribes of Guiana: their Condition and Habits; with Researches into their Past History, Superstitions, Legends, Antiquities, Languages, &c.* By the Rev. W. H. Brett, Missionary in connexion with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and Rector of Trinity Parish, Essequibo. With Coloured Illustrations. London: Bell & Daldy. 1868

their former masters, the remaining districts were reorganized into one province, which has a coast-line of two hundred miles in length, and extends far into the interior to the border of Brazil. In Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, may be seen about as motley a population as anywhere under the sun. With the native Americans are mixed specimens from Europe, Asia, and Africa. To the British families long settled there, or swelled by recent importation, and to the Creoles and mixed bloods, who form the bulk of the populace, are added Portuguese immigrants from Madeira, coolies from Calcutta and Madras, and the inevitable Chinese, who of late years are for ever flooding every settlement of Europeans. The Hindoo labourers who have to a great extent replaced the emancipated blacks remain true to their native rites and superstitions; and the Mahomedans keep up their Mohurrim, and the worship of Hassan and Hosein. Attempts were even made by the first imported labourers from Hindostan to introduce the horrid swing festival of their native land. But this was summarily put down by the Government in 1849. These strangers, as well as the Chinese, are a laborious, thrifty, and home-loving race. They always look forward to the free return passage to India. In 1864 the ship *Ganges* took back to the East 371 adult coolies, with 76 children, the amount of savings deposited by them for transmission being 12,522*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.*, besides 1,000*l.* worth of jewellery.

Among these heathens the labours of the local teachers and missionaries were naturally of little use till assistants specially qualified were brought from Hindostan. It was among this queer medley of peoples and languages that Mr. Brett's mission was to teach the Gospel, and to impart the first rudiments of civilization. What chiefly engaged his attention, however, was the getting at the more purely native tribes of the interior; and the most novel and interesting feature of his book is made up of his experiences amongst these comparatively unknown, but highly characteristic, races. The aspect of nature in the wide-spreading interior, far away from European contact, is as strongly marked as are the manners and temperament of the natives. Forests and rivers form its most striking features. Splendid timber trees, down to and even beyond the water's edge, stand in dense masses—the *simiri* or locust tree, the stately *mora*, and other giants of the forest—while from the moist carpet of fallen leaves, moss, and fungi at their feet springs humbler vegetation in rank luxuriance. Interspersed with them are numerous palms, the *turu*, the *akayuru* and *awarra*, with the *cocorite*, which yields the Indian the poison for his arrows. The feathery leaf on the head of the graceful *manicole*, as well as of other species, forms a kind of cabbage excellent for food. Beautiful parasites abound, and the whole scene is made gay by golden scarlet or blue macaws; by the toucan, with his gorgeous crimson and yellow bosom, as he tosses his enormous beak; by the *hamagua* and *duragua*, the stately *povis*, and the minute humming-bird flashing jewel-like in the rays of the morning sun. The silence of the woods is broken by the chatter of monkeys innumerable, or by the more terrible howl of the jaguar, the most formidable foe to the naked and ill-armed native. The rattlesnake and *konokosi*, or "bush-master," are scarcely less dreaded, and water pythons have been seen by the author not less than thirty feet long. The tapir, a few kinds of deer, the bush hog, and, above all, the *tabba*, a curious creature between a hare and a small pig, form the chief animal food of the Indian. His rude hut is fixed near the river, where he may readily slake his thirst, catch his fish, float his slight canoe, and water his slender crop of cassava and other vegetables. One of Mr. Brett's graphic illustrations shows us a curious kind of press for squeezing out the juice of the sugar-cane. It consists of a thick post, the upper part of which was carved into a rude resemblance of a human bust. The cane was placed on the part answering to the collar-bone, and crushed there by a long lever or staff inserted into a hole in the neck, and worked by the hand, the sweet juice flowing down the breast into a vessel placed to receive it. The Indian woman, as usual, bears the brunt of the drudgery of savage life. Implements of iron, or indeed of any metal, were unknown before the arrival of Europeans; sharpened stones serving for the most part for domestic or warlike weapons, spear-points and arrow-heads being also made of bones or wood, hardened in the fire. Many interesting particulars are told by Mr. Brett of life among these simple and warm-hearted children of nature. We cannot gather that much progress was made by him in what was doubtless the immediate object of the Society under whose auspices he was sent out. The gulf between these primitive untutored intelligences and the ideas embodied even in the most general terms of European theology must be, we fear, a hindrance to any rapid or real propagation of the Gospel system. The time may come when a gradual expansion of the mind, aided by the useful and industrial arts, which sensible teachers like Mr. Brett carry in their train, may bear fruit in a widespread conversion to higher forms of belief and practice. At present the chief result of intercourse is rather that of amusing the white man than edifying the savage, if we may judge from our author's method of filling up his narrative. Among his tales of native superstition are some as singular as any of those half grim, half comical, varieties of folklore with which it is the wont of missionary writers to entertain their readers or subscribers. Besides the vague belief in *Makonaima*, the Great Spirit, whom we have been told the untutored mind of the poor Indian "sees in the cloud or hears in the wind," there are the *Yauhahu* and the *Orchu*, lower objects of faith. The former of these are malignant beings, Eumenes in their way, who however

have fortunately a weakness for tobacco, and are easily propitiated by this kind of incense. Pain of all kinds is known as *Yauhahu smaira*, the "evil spirit's arrow." The sorcerers, or medicine men, drive a roaring trade by propitiating the evil influence, or initiating candidates into the mysteries. The *Orchu* is a mysterious female inhabiting the waters, a kind of "Lorely," half siren, half mermaid, not so decidedly malicious as the *Yauhahu*, but disposed to amuse herself by carrying canoes and their crews to the bottom. A peculiarly weird-looking spot on the Pomeroon, the haunt of the water-spirit, is paddled by at night in breathless silence. On one occasion, while the author was fishing by moonlight on this stream, his line was seized by something which he was unable to bring to the surface. His native boy cried with terror, and begged him to let the "water mamma" (as they call her) take line and all, or otherwise she would rise, seize, and carry them all under water in her anger. The *Orchu* system is in work here, as in the fetishism of Africa, and in the *piari*-worship of the Indians in general. Connected with this are midnight dances and orgies of an abominable character. Part of the popular mythology is the terrible *kanaima*, or spirit-tiger, the "were-wolf," or "loup-garou" of the forests of Guiana. Schomburgk has shown us the singular *pure-piapi*, or headless-tree, which "the Great Spirit cut down and converted into stone"—in simple words, a basaltic column curiously weather-worn. The "old peoples' stories" of the Creation and the Deluge are highly characteristic. The forest animals play a curious part in the Indian cosmogony. Under the rule of Sigu, son of Makonaima, the tree of life was planted, in whose stem were pent up the whole of the waters which were to be let forth by measure to stock every river and lake with fish. Iwarrika, the mischievous monkey, forced open the magic cover which kept down the waters, and the next minute was swept away with all things living by the bursting flood. The repopulating of the world, as described by the Tamanaes of the Orinoco, recalls the legend of Deucalion. One man and one woman took refuge on the mountain Tamanae. They then threw over their heads the fruits of the *Mauritia* (or *Ila*) palm, from the kernel of which sprang men and women who once more peopled the earth.

Mr. Brett's entertaining volume closes with some curious results of digging among the shell mounds and refuse heaps which, in Guiana as in Europe and most parts of the earth, betoken the presence at remote times of a race at the lowest point in the scale of civilization, but everywhere manifesting the same characteristics. Weapons of stone, and occasionally of bone, rewarded the industry of the exploring party; while human bones—often split, according to precedent, from end to end, to extract the marrow—are proofs of the prevalence at that distant day of cannibal habits. Embracing thus the earliest notices together with the latest condition of the Indian tribes of Guiana, this volume forms one of the most welcome of recent additions to our stores of foreign exploration and travel.

THE SIMANCAS RECORDS.*

PARTURIUNT montes; nascitur ridiculus mus. We have no better words to express our astonishment after reading the first twenty-three pages of the Introduction to the supplementary volume of Despatches from Simancas, just issued in the series of Calendars of State Papers. It has been whispered about in certain select literary circles that M. Bergenroth had found a mare's-nest in Spain, and that he was possessed of evidence very damaging to the character of Catharine of Aragon as regards her conduct during the seven years of her widowhood which intervened between the death of Arthur, Prince of Wales, and her marriage to his brother, Henry VIII. As the story reached us, it was embellished with allegations attributing to the King the utmost delicacy and forbearance for not exposing the Queen in the Legatine Court when she passionately called upon him to deny, if he could, that she was a virgin at the time of their marriage. But we must not make M. Bergenroth responsible for the embellishments which others may have added to his statements. We are content to take him on his own ground, and to compare his Introduction with the documents on which it is founded; and our task will be the easier inasmuch as he has strictly confined himself within the limits of the injunction of the Master of the Rolls, and in his explanation of their contents has never travelled beyond the papers which have been submitted to his inspection. In showing up the entire want of connexion between the documents which are the premises of his argument and the Introduction which constitutes its conclusion, we shall not consider ourselves bound by any such regulation, but shall make the subject as clear to our readers as we can by referring to any source of information which may serve to illustrate it.

The portion of the volume to which alone we can refer in this article is comprised within seventy pages. We may perhaps take a future opportunity of commenting on the very interesting papers which refer to Juana, the mad Queen of Castile, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and mother of the Emperor. And in the

* Supplement to Volume I. and Volume II. of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers, relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain, preserved in the Archives at Simancas and elsewhere. I. Queen Katharine. II. Intended Marriage of King Henry VII. with Queen Juana. Edited by G. A. Bergenroth. Published by the authority of the Lords' Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

first place we may observe that, though the editor has been careful to follow his instructions as regards the writing of his preface, he was by no means bound to abstain from bringing to bear upon his subject any light that other contemporary documents might afford. We cannot tell whether M. Bergenroth has ever seen the Italian diary of Campeggio, as published by Theiner from the Vatican stores; at least he has made no use of it, and if proof were wanted of the virginity of Catharine it is supplied *ex abundanti* from that volume. It will have been gathered, from what we have said, that the charge brought against Catharine is one of a very serious kind, the most serious perhaps that could be brought against a princess of her rank. It is, in fact, neither more nor less than that she was guilty of an illicit intercourse with her confessor, Diego Fernandez. And the editor comes forward as her formal accuser, retracting the praise of her personal virtues into which he had been inveigled by the unanimous testimony of all historians and biographers of the Queen from that day to this. He says:—

My unconditional commendation, however, was purchased at the price of a partial suppression of truth; and letters which the late Keeper of the Archives at Simancas had taken much care to conceal make a reversal of my former judgment an imperative duty.

And now let us see what all this amounts to.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissior hiatus?

The story, as told by M. Bergenroth, is in brief as follows:—Diego Fernandez had become confessor to the Princess of Wales early in the spring of 1507. In the following year Fuensalida succeeded De Puebla as ambassador at the Court of Henry. No unfavourable reports were circulated during the time of De Puebla's residence in England. But Fuensalida soon became of opinion that Diego Fernandez, whom he describes as a monk who possessed no advantages on the score of learning, appearance, manner, competency, or credit, had better be removed from his post about the Princess. He adds, in a letter written to Ferdinand just six weeks before the death of Henry VII., that the household of the Princess is governed by this young friar, who is so light and haughty and scandalous in his conduct that he ought to be dismissed from attendance on her, because "she is so full of goodness and so conscientious" that she does not venture to disobey him in matters which he represents as sins only because they displease him. On the same day Fuensalida represented to Almazan, Ferdinand's First Secretary of State, that he wished "to God the friar were in his monastery, as his stay in England will bring great injury on Her Highness the Princess of Wales." He instances the improper power which the friar exercised over the Princess in his having recently forbidden her to go, as she had engaged, on a certain day with the Princess Mary to Richmond, to meet the King. The details of the conversation are given, to the effect that the Princess was forbidden to go because she had been ill the preceding night, on the penalty of incurring mortal sin. As Fuensalida was by his own confession not admitted to the presence of Catharine, this information is of course secondhand, and may therefore be exactly represented, or again possibly may not be very exact. It appears that Catharine did not go to Richmond till the following day, when she went on horseback, accompanied by no other living creature than three women, the *Maestre Sala*, the chamberlain, and the friar. The irritated ambassador adds that the friar made her do a thousand other things of even a worse kind than this. And here M. Bergenroth, in his eagerness to clinch the nail which he has driven in, has mistaken the Spanish. His version of "*y destas cosas le faze fazer este frayle y otras de peor qualidad mil*" is, "These and other things of a thousand times worse kind the friar makes her do." However, if M. Bergenroth insists upon his translation, we have no objection to give him the full benefit of the doubt, and to grant that the angry ambassador who had interfered in private affairs with which he was no way concerned, and had met with the rebuff he deserved, may have accused the Princess's confessor of making her do things a thousand times worse than putting off her ride to Richmond for a single day. In his letter to Almazan, he further complains of the "little secrecy there is in the chamber of the Princess," as everything reaches the ears of the King of England; and he concludes the subject with the following indignant tirade against the confessor:—"May God destroy me if I see in the friar anything for which she should have so much affection, for he has neither learning nor appearance nor competency nor credit, and yet if he wishes to preach a new law they have to believe it." In another letter, written a few days earlier by the ambassador to Ferdinand, he details a conversation which had passed between him and the friar, in which Fuensalida swears "by the body of Christ" that he had been told nothing against him; to which the friar answered, "Be it so, but in this house there are evil tongues, and they have slandered me, and not with the lowest in the house but with the highest, and this is no disgrace to me; and if it were not for contradicting them, I should already be gone." The last line is a little obscure, so we give it in the original Spanish—*y por no hazello verdad estoy aqui que ya me scrya ydo*.

The two letters above mentioned, written by the ambassador to the King and to Almazan, are dated March 20, 1509. The messenger who conveyed these carried a letter of the same date from Catharine to her father. Fuensalida had told her that the messenger must be despatched in haste, because many things had been discovered to him. Catharine suspected that his hatred of her confessor would lead him to state things which were not true

of him, and deprecates her father's believing anything against the friar's credit, if he states anything except that he serves her well and loyally. There is another letter from Catharine to her father, in which she speaks of her poverty, and her inability to support her confessor in a way suitable to his office and her own rank. And this is absolutely all the evidence that exists, at least it is all that is produced by the editor of the volume, in justification of his reversing an estimate of her character in which every person who has written on the subject, whether Catholic or Protestant, friend or foe, has concurred. Catharine of Aragon, instead of being the pattern of a religious princess of the sixteenth century, is represented as being guilty of the grossest profligacy in the Court of Henry VII., where she was under the strictest surveillance, within a few weeks of her marriage to Henry VIII., who was at the time her affianced husband; and the other guilty party was a monk who had no single attraction of mind or of person. In order to enable the reader to understand how M. Bergenroth has got up the charge, we should say that he has taken for granted that the friar's meaning, which it seems to us impossible to extract from the words, is that the slanderous imputation with respect to the highest person in the house is that there had been an improper *liaison* between himself and the Princess; and that though he alleged that if it were not for the sake of contradicting the assertion he should already have taken his departure, the words "which is no disgrace to me" contained an avowal of a deed in which he gloried. It is true that M. Bergenroth does not seem, after all, to lay much stress on the assertion of a friar whom he believes to be a liar as well as a man of impure life; and he is generous enough, after he thinks the accusation all but proved and the defence almost as damaging as the accusation, to say:—

As is usual in similar cases, we have no direct proof of a criminal intercourse of Princess Catharine with her confessor, and may absolve her from that charge.

And now let us see what was the conduct of the sovereigns of England and Spain, the one the husband and the other the father of the lady whose conduct is called in question. Everybody knows the

Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum

of Virgil. And certainly there was plenty of time for the divulging of Catharine's frailty in the six weeks which intervened before Henry succeeded to the throne, and the next six weeks which elapsed before the Princess became his wife. Henry VIII. in after life was supposed, though not of very spotless life himself, to be somewhat nice about the reputation of his wives. Perhaps at eighteen he had not acquired knowledge enough of such matters to trouble his head about them. But Ferdinand, if we are to believe M. Bergenroth's interpretation, had been informed of the whole history of the scandal by his ambassador. Yet the obnoxious confessor is retained about the Queen's person for at least five years, although after the recall of Fuensalida the new ambassador, Don Luis Caroz, was as jealous of the influence of the friar as his predecessor had been. Yet this friar is actually the person employed to convey to Ferdinand the news of the premature birth of a daughter, January 31st, 1510, and the subsequent pregnancy of the Queen, about which she appears to have had doubts which seem to have been discussed between herself, her physician, and her confessor. The doubts about the Queen's state must have been the common talk of the Court, and the Spanish Ambassador had heard all about it from some other source before her confessor came to announce the fact to him.

The ninth and last of the original documents printed in this part of the volume is a Latin letter, written in 1515, from Diego Fernandez to Henry VIII., which contains an appeal to the King to allow him to be tried and heard in his defence on a charge of fornication, for which he had been condemned by the Bishop of Winchester on the testimony of two of his enemies, whom he accuses of a similar crime. He attributes his persecution to the malice of the Spanish Ambassador, and he offers to submit to death if the charge against him can be proved. Under these circumstances the evidence for his guilt amounts to nothing. Unquestionably, if he was guilty of any such previous offence as M. Bergenroth supposes probable, he must have been a most brazen-faced villain, for he suggests to the King that he is willing to return to his place as Queen's confessor, if he should on a fair trial be acquitted. To assume the friar's guilt is more convenient for M. Bergenroth's hypothesis, and he has assumed it. How he gets over the difficulty involved in believing the supposed boasting affirmation of his intimacy with the Queen, on the part of so unblushing a liar as he must have been, we leave to M. Bergenroth to determine.

On the whole, in parting from this portion of the volume we have to remark that M. Bergenroth has published a foul libel on the fame of a princess of spotless character, and that the evidence he produces does not raise the faintest presumption of her guilt.

(To be continued.)

ANNE HEREFORD.*

MRS. HENRY WOOD is entitled to the credit of having effected a cross between the domestic and the sensational novel. As a rule, details of family life have been monopolized by novelists of the goody school. On the other hand, the concoctors

* Anne Hereford. A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1868.

of thrilling incident disdain anything so humdrum as domestic economy. It was reserved for Mrs. Henry Wood to unite the characteristics of either style. It was a happy thought to combine murder and maidservants, horrors and housekeeping. She writes under the influence of a double *effluvia*—one impelling her to dilate on such homely topics as dress and furniture, the dietary of schoolgirls, and the gossip of the servants' hall; the other lifting her into the region of the terrible, the mysterious, and the supernatural. In this novel her peculiar combination is obtained by projecting a youthful governess—one of those timid shrinking little bodies who somehow or other invariably end by being passionately kissed by a male person—into a sort of Castle of Otranto in an English county. Chandos House is a fine old place, "somewhat Gothic in appearance," and buried in trees, which gave it a gloomy air. A cloud hung over it. It had a long gallery and an east wing, and, above all, a west wing mysteriously secluded from the rest of the building. Outside was a pine-walk, which struck the visitor with a peculiar gloom. The inmates of this ghostly mansion behave in a very strange way. Lady Chandos, the widowed mother of the owner, a lady with a sad expression and a permanent redness in the face, is given to long periods of invisibility in the west wing. A lovely being of unsound mind roams about the premises, about whom nothing transpires except that she is called Mrs. Chandos. To a young lady, naturally the most interesting member of the family is Harry Chandos, the son of the house, with whom Anne Hereford is always left *tête-à-tête* at meals, and who amiably directs her reading towards *Othello* and other works, until the inevitable moment arrives when he is surprised into "taking impassioned kisses from her face." But he too has his oddities, in the shape of frequent retirements to the west wing, strange fits of illness, and instantaneous restorations to health. There is something stranger still about him. Looking out of the window one night, Anne Hereford sees him in the moonlight executing a sort of zigzag dance along the edge of the lawn—an eccentricity which he subsequently explains by a confession of somnambulism. Altogether, what with an attack from "an awfully fierce great dog," a persistently invisible hostess, midnight disturbances, doctors' visits, the proximity of a lunatic, the moonlight gambols of a sleepwalker, above all, the perpetual mystery of the jealously guarded west wing, Chandos was a place to try the strongest nerves.

What, however, is more alarming to Anne than anything else, is the discovery that her uncle, Mr. Edwin Barley, a gentleman with exceedingly black eyes and beautiful white teeth, of whom she had a childish horror, has taken a small house opposite to the lodge gates of Chandos. Her recollections of this relative were not very pleasant. Years ago, while she was on a visit to his house, a dreadful thing had happened. A young ward of his, whose fortune he would inherit in case of death, had been shot dead in a plantation near the house. There had been a quarrel between the unlucky youth and another gentleman, arising out of their rival pretensions to the smiles of Mrs. Edwin Barley, a lovely coquette. Three persons were close to the spot at the moment of the catastrophe—George Henage, Mr. Edwin Barley, and his irrepressible little niece, who received thus early in life the first of the many "shocks" that awaited her. The suspicion against George Henage was confirmed by his flight. On the other hand, Mr. Edwin Barley had loudly proclaimed his determination to bring the murderer to justice, and never to desist till he had found him. So matters had stood when Anne Hereford had parted many years ago from her uncle. And now, to her horror, he turns up at the gate of Chandos. His motive for planting himself there is inexplicable, but that he has a motive is soon made clear to her by his strange behaviour in prowling round the Hall, looking in at the windows after dark, and trying to pump the servants. It is no less clear that he is an object of the utmost dread to the Chandos family. By and by some one suspiciously like an ally of Mr. Barley turns up within the walls of the Hall itself. This is Mrs. Penn, the newly engaged companion to the lovely lunatic, a lady with remarkably red hair, which, as it subsequently appears, "she had dyed intending to change it to golden, instead of which it had come out of the ordeal a blazing vermillion." The arrival of this new-comer is signalized by a fresh batch of mysteries, in the shape of anonymous letters, thefts of money and lace, and alarming visits from the "mounted police." It is worth notice, by the way, that with a view to strike more terror into her readers Mrs. Wood always mounts the rural police, and gives them flashing sabres. Here is an evening of about average excitement at Chandos:—A letter is stolen. On looking out of the window Anne Hereford finds her face almost in contact with her uncle's terrible face peering into the room. Hearing her scream, Harry Chandos dashes his hand through the glass and cuts himself severely. Anne runs up for a piece of rag, and finds two marked sovereigns in her trunk, evidently placed there to ruin her reputation. An anonymous letter, also pointing to her as the thief, is brought in by the butler. This is speedily followed by a sudden descent of the "mounted police." Mr. Chandos turns ghastly pale at the news, and hastily gives orders for the east wing to be locked. On going to meet the officers of justice with a calm but livid face, he is immensely relieved to find that they have been summoned by a forged letter purporting to come from himself, upon which they ride away. Finally, Anne Hereford goes into the gallery in search of a book, and is nearly driven out of her senses by the appearance of a "tall, thin skeleton of a form, with a white shadowy face, which glides towards her with

a menacing gesture." As usual, in her moments of extreme fright, she finds a refuge in the arms of "her guardian angel," Harry Chandos, who, luckily, was going upstairs with a bed-candle. This is pretty well for one evening's work. Clearly, nothing but the generous fare, and the innocent pleasure of wearing her sprigged muslin, and the occasional drives in the family coach, above all, the constant *tête-à-têtes* with the young master of the house, and his delicate attentions—beginning with a box of French gloves, and culminating in "perfumed kisses"—could have reconciled our little governess to the multiplied horrors of her situation.

The provoking thing is that all these successive shocks to the nervous system of the heroine do not bring one appreciably nearer the *dénouement*. To keep up that twitter of suspense which is the aim of the more ingenious writers of the sensational school, something like a logical sequence of events is wanted. Each new incident must be made to arise out of that which goes before, and to conduce to that which follows. The toils must gradually close round the murderer or the bigamist, the turns of the labyrinth must by degrees approach the middle. Of course the utmost licence of imagination is allowable. In fiction, when a crime is committed in Essex, we know at once that the search for the criminal will not begin in Essex, but in the Isle of Man, or some equally remote locality. Only by degrees, and after endless windings, is the story worked round to a prospect of retribution and the Chelmsford Assizes. And so long as it goes merrily forward towards a definite goal, the eccentric character of the machinery does not much matter. The pace makes it readable. It is just this quality of pace which this novel hopelessly lacks. Incident is crowded on incident, but the action never advances. The interest of the story turns on the solution of a mystery. Yet no progress is made, through at least one-half of the work, towards its elucidation. Mrs. Wood meanders on from one chapter to another without, it appears, the faintest anxiety about her end, and the steps by which it is to be reached. The avenger of blood plants himself quietly down within a few hundred yards of his victim, but, beyond enacting the part of a sort of vindictive Paul Pry, he does literally nothing. Nothing comes of his imbecile attempts to catechize the females of the establishment, or his nasty habit of looking in at the windows after nightfall. Then Mrs. Penn, the traitress, with all the advantages of a secret enemy in the camp, exhibits an even more remarkable amount of incapacity. Her efforts as a female detective are of the feeblest possible kind, and now and then are quite incomprehensible. Why she should have thought it worth while to wreathe her head in a grey cloak, and in the guise of a weird woman spring out on Mr. Chandos as he rode along the avenue, thereby frightening Black Knave and upsetting his master, is a mystery much more occult than the very transparent Chandos secret. She seems, in fact, to lose sight of her purpose in the thoroughly feminine anxiety to nip in the bud flirtation between the governess and the young gentleman. Anne Hereford herself shares the general fatuity. Inquisitive to a degree that is decidedly unprepossessing, and endowed with a remarkable instinct for taking her seat, indoors or out of doors, where two speakers may be overheard, she is hopelessly incapable of turning the result of her listenings to account. It is not to be wondered at that, in dealing with inquirers so singularly devoid of intelligence, the Chandos ghost should dance upon the lawn, and roam the gallery, and behave himself rather audaciously for a flesh and blood ghost, with a sense of perfect security. The Chandos secret might have remained a secret for all time had not custom imposed the three-volume limit on our authoress. It is revealed by a stroke of her pen while still as impenetrable as ever. *Solvitur ambulando*. One fine day the heroine quietly walks into the west wing, a step which one wonders she did not think of taking long before. What she sees there we shall leave Mrs. Wood's readers, supposing them to feel any curiosity about the matter, to discover for themselves. It will suffice to say that the connexion between the *ci-devant* George Henage and the Chandos family is cleared up at last, while an opportune death relieves the inmates from any further necessity to guard their secret by the eccentric phantasmagoria which had excited so much curiosity. Mr. Barley arrives too late to summon the mounted police to do his behests, and Mrs. Penn is forced to beat an ignominious retreat.

The exaltation of the family governess has become quite a feature in the works of lady-novelists. They seem to take a special delight in putting her through a course of cruel snubs, and afterwards promoting her to great honour. She is always a nervous and sensitive creature who manages nevertheless to get through a surprising amount of romantic adventure, ending in a brilliant marriage. We have sometimes wondered whether the many excellent persons who follow this vocation in real life, if they ever read the wonderful things that are written in their name, would endorse the truth of this conventional type. That Mrs. Wood adopts this view of the character is shown by the triumphant end which crowns the chequered career of her heroine. Not only is she united to Harry Chandos, but the reigning baronet is killed off in the nick of time for the express purpose of making her my lady. So unexampled is her good fortune, that to prevent her head being turned by it, her husband, with more priggishness than good taste, takes occasion to read aloud to his bride certain warning verses from the Book of Deuteronomy. But Mrs. Wood, though she delights to honour the governess, has nevertheless a very keen sense of the requisite qualifications

for a baroness, she stress is mother's Carew's held, reiteration and when schoolgirl have on with open is a Ke ment, "sister, we cled to If the l returned. There w Keppe-C condoned which t blot dim Keppe-C demanly she was however was fixe pride," a description of Mrs. and in self-com the vari apprenic a damso of schoo and equa We a in a seri its fault copious The spa gives it artistic publicati means de she woul and give instead much as she mig tionably

A RABB DESI Se address guns, an the lang Sanskrit there ar religious Vedic or connecte if, as M worthy learned subjects Italian E is intere been san rity. S one han mining author d and Caiu does not does not product of ay with from a h branch s doctors c is never The I superior That Ch not deny man can

for a baronet's wife. She is no leveller. After a fashion of her own, she brings social distinctions into strong relief. Particular stress is laid on the fact that Anne Hereford was, by the mother's side, a Keppe-Carew. The greatness of the Keppe-Carews is only faintly shadowed by the authoress, but that they held, or had held, their heads very high indeed, she is always reiterating. The name alone acts as a sort of talisman. Wherever and whenever it is uttered, the effect is electrical. When the schoolgirls at Miss Fenton's are shy of playing with Anne, they have only to be told that she is a Keppe-Carew to welcome her with open arms. She has but to mention to her lover that she is a Keppe-Carew, for him to exclaim, in boundless astonishment, "You are of better family than ours." Even his haughty sister, who had treated her with great rudeness, is quite reconciled to the marriage on learning that she is a Keppe-Carew. If the Keppe-Carews were thought much of by others, they returned the compliment by thinking a great deal of themselves. There were certain views of life peculiar to "people in the Keppe-Carew class of life"; certain actions which might be condoned in the non-Keppe-Carew section of society, but to which that august family ought never to stoop. One solitary blot dimmed the lustre of the Keppe-Carew escutcheon. Frances Keppe-Carew had married a draper. True, it was a most gentlemanly draper. Moreover, when she fell in love with him she was not aware of his being a draper. But between drapers, however gentlemanly, and Keppe-Carews an impassable gulf was fixed. So Mrs. Hemson "dug a grave and buried her pride," and never attempted to regain her "lost caste." The description of the Hemson establishment is a good specimen of Mrs. Wood's manner when she is off her sensational stilts, and in her domestic vein. She prattles on with astonishing self-complacency about the position of the bedrooms and nursery, the various ages of the children, the sleeping quarters of the apprentices, and the "plain dinner of roast veal and ham, with a damson tart, all nicely cooked and served." And the pictures of schoolgirl life in England and France are equally minute, and equally characteristic of the authoress.

We are not aware whether this novel has appeared already in a serial form. But, judging from internal evidence only—its faultiness of construction, its interminable episodes, and its copious padding—we should be disposed to infer that it had. The spasmodic effort to spice each chapter with a fresh incident gives it the appearance of a work composed not so much on artistic principles as with a view to the exigencies of monthly publication. This is a pity, since the authoress is by no means deficient in the power of lively and graphic description. If she would repress her unconscionable fondness for petty details, and give herself a quiet fortnight to evolve a coherent plot, instead of a mere muddle of incidents which irritates quite as much as it interests, and teases instead of riveting her readers, she might possibly produce a work more worthy of her unquestionably facile pen.

A RABBI'S VIEW OF JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN MORALITY.*

DESPITE the increased attention given in recent years to Semitic theology, few Christian scholars of repute have addressed themselves to the exploration of the Talmud, the Targums, and the other labyrinths of rabbinical learning. Although the language of these books is easier and more accessible than Sanskrit or Zend, for one student of the Zohar and Midraschims there are a dozen of the Vendidad and the Puranas. Semitic religious quibbles may be a less inviting field of research than Vedic or Zoroastrian philosophy, but many of them are intimately connected with the foundations of the Christian faith. So that, if, as M. Renan asserts, the Buxtorfs and Lightfoots have no worthy representatives now, we ought to be grateful to those learned Jews who from time to time enlighten our darkness on subjects like that which occupies the present volume. The Italian Rabbi's volume comparing Jewish and Christian morality is interesting, not only for its contents, but also because it has been sanctioned as orthodox by high Jewish theological authority. Some competent observers allege that scepticism on the one hand, and Christianity on the other, are gradually undermining the faith of the peculiar people. Be this as it may, our author does not regard Christianity with the passions of Annas and Caiaphas. To use his own illustration, he deprecates that Joseph does not bow down before the white hairs of Jacob, and that Jacob does not embrace and bless Joseph. He calls Christianity a Jewish product of which Jews should be proud. Just as Englishmen may boast of the English origin of American civilization, so Jews may say with pride that the splendid tree of Christianity is a branch from a humble Jewish stock grafted on a Gentile trunk. This branch still bears the mark of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the doctors of the law; if the hands are the hands of Esau, the voice is nevertheless the voice of Jacob.

The Italian Rabbi takes exception to the argument that the superior morality of the Christian code indicates a divine original. That Christianity has owed its triumph to its moral claims he does not deny, but he considers that the natural religious sentiment of man can produce, unaided, ethical systems not inferior in elevation

to the doctrines of Christ, quoting in proof hereof the cases of Confucius, Menor, and the sages of antiquity. As compared with Paganism, Christian morals were, no doubt, an advance to a purer, surer, and more independent rule of life. But much of the Messianic moral creed is, in fact—so Mr. Benamozegh argues—a mere repetition of the teaching of the Synagogue. Nor could such fail to be the case. Christianity itself declares that God gave the patriarchs and Moses a moral code. That code must be admitted to have been good, perfect, and absolute, for the Deity could not have promulgated a scheme stamped with the attributes of the mutable and contingent. If this be granted, how, asks this writer, can it be alleged that the same Deity afterwards promulgated a second scheme superior to the first? Men are capable of progress, but progress cannot be predicated of the Absolute, nor can His law be called perfectible. This should be the language of logic, but Christians, according to our author, seem to consider that the divine word is as flexible as mere human doctrine. Moses spoke of man as created in the image of God, whereas Christianity, like Homer, makes God in the image of man. "Il a mis en Dieu," says our author, "la flexibilité de Paul, qui se fait Juif aux Juifs, Gentil aux Gentils, les ignobles condamnations des Jésuites aux idolâtres chinois." In the Christian view, he adds, crumbs of truth are scattered to men by degrees, suitable to their readiness to receive them. But this plan seems hard to reconcile with a faith in the permanence of the Messianic system. If by divine command Paul superseded Moses, may not Providence, stooping to man's wants, hereafter efface the doctrines of Paul by a new creed suited to new circumstances and times?

General readers are familiar with the stock objections to the moral code of the Pentateuch. Mr. F. W. Newman in our day, Bolingbroke in the last century, have repeated—the first with something of reverential regret, the second with spiteful glee—the views which St. Augustine combated with so much zeal in the person of Faustus. Whoever is aware that modern Biblical criticism was invented by the Gnostics, not by the Germans, will know that early heresy inferred from the moral imperfections of the Law of Moses that the Jewish legislator was not inspired from heaven. Some of the Gnostics even maintained that only the principle of evil could have ordered the theft of the vases and precious garments of the Egyptians, the unsparing massacre of the nations of Canaan, the murders and executions by command which crowd the sacred annals. The Italian Rabbi, like St. Augustine, argues the points at issue without flying into a spiritual passion; and although his discussion partakes somewhat of the weakness always inherent in defence, his reasons, if not quite new, are stated with an ingenuity which makes them seem so. He says that comparisons of Christian and Jewish morality, to be accurate, should keep in view the distinction between politics and morals. The peculiar people were Jews as well as Hebrews—members, that is to say, of the Jewish civil commonwealth, and disciples of the monotheistic faith of their father Abraham. The Pentateuch is the political and rituary code of the Jews, ennobled, no doubt, by a spiritual breath from Sinai, but still a system of civil legislation. Politics are not morals; the "Imitation of Christ" does not supersede international law; Thomas à Kempis is not a refutation of Grotius. The Gospel precepts of humility and patience cannot be applied to nations. What country could turn the cheek to the smiter, and repay injuries with benefits, without becoming the inevitable victim of invasion, conquest, and annihilation? This is the Rabbi's question; he may be unaware that a numerous, perhaps an increasing, school of English politicians recommends this very plan to our Foreign Office. Moses, at any rate, cannot be quoted in support of such diplomatic policy. He saw that the Jews must, as a people, be governed by the rules of political wisdom. He prescribed for them—with what rare foresight the result shows—a system by which they fought their way against ignorance, injustice, and barbarism. In view of the end, the general rules of humanity and morality appeared to suffer some temporary restrictions:—"Sans ces mesures, toute la puissance de Dieu, j'ose le dire, n'aurait pu épargner au peuple d'Israël une prompte, une inévitable destruction." These remarks, if not conclusive, are judicious; they are identical in direction with the line taken by the late Dean Milman where he discusses the war law of the Jews.

The distinction between the political and ethical sides of Old Testament dogmas, the antithesis of Hebrews and Jews, lies at the base of our author's comparison of the morality of the basilica and the synagogue. He tries to show, always with abundance of apt citation, that the morality of the Gospel is, in fact, a copy of that preached by the Law—a copy, as he thinks, deteriorated and obscured. Here, again, we must avoid mistaking a part for the whole. The Old Testament is not the entire Hebrew system, which must necessarily be misunderstood by those who ignore the resources of tradition, of the Talmud, and the Cabbalists. Further, we must not attribute to the Pharisees, for instance, all the sentiments fixed on them by Palestinian prejudice. As a sample of our Rabbi's analysis, we may take the virtue of humility, which, he says, Christianity arrogates to itself as a doctrine of its own special teaching. The sentiment "Blessed are the poor in spirit" was by no means preached for the first time in the Sermon on the Mount. Ancient rabbinical teaching had constantly exalted the humble in spirit and place. Of Hillel the Ancient, who long preceded Christianity, this favourite maxim is recorded—"My

* *Morale juive et Morale chrétienne.* Par E. Benamozegh. Paris: Lévy.

lowness shall be my elevation, and my elevation my lowness." In the Talmud we find—"The world to come is to those who bow the knee, the humble, and the bent:" and such sentences abound in the old Rabbinical texts. According to the Mischna, Josua ben Perachia, the preceptor of Christ, taught thus:—"Judge every man favourably;" Hillel said, "Judge not thy neighbour as long as thou hast not been in his situation;" which maxims are equivalent to the Christian, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." In like manner our author confronts the Hebrew and Christian teaching as to pride and anger, dwelling particularly on the command to love our neighbour as ourselves; trying to show, in these as in other cases, that the synagogue had long been familiar with the teaching which is claimed by Christianity as exclusively its own.

As our author always quotes chapter and verse, his arguments have at first sight an impregnable look. They must, however, in the main, stand or fall with the credibility of the Talmudists and the various Rabbinical texts. Now against such credibility the general *prima facie* evidence is so overwhelming, that arguments in which it is taken as an essential postulate must be classed amongst conjectures rather than amongst proofs. The Talmuds, in their present shape, are hardly earlier than the age of Charlemagne. Of the standard Rabbinical authors some are mere names, concerning which the Jews have been able to do little else than guess. Hillel, for example, is an unknown quantity, who appears, like Zoroaster or Odin, in more incarnations than one, his personality, single or multiple, being a profound puzzle. As witnesses to matters of fact, the Mischna, Gemara, Zohar, and so forth, must rank below such Sagas as *Burnt Njal*, and such poems as the *Sháh Námah*. To find a parallel to the allegorical and cabalistical nonsense of the Jewish doctors we must turn to Papias, or Philo, or to the modern chemical expositions of the Eddas and the Nibelungen Lied. As a specimen of the flights taken, be it noted that, according to the Talmudists, Moses caused the *entire Pentateuch* to be engraved in seventy languages on the twelve stones beyond Jordan! (Deut. xxvii.). Touching Genesis, some Cabalists declare that Abraham wrote a work called *Séfer Tetsira*, or Creation, which work they have even edited and commented, adding complete lists of the angels who were the Masters of the Patriarchs. Very precise details are given about Raziel, the Master of Adam. That intelligent and refined angel brought down from heaven, or elsewhere, a book of wisdom—the *Sifra de-Adam harishón*—whose contents are accurately described in the Zohar. No wonder if Luther said that the critics who went for light to the Rabbinical comments on the Bible reminded him of Solomon's captains who traded to India for precious cargoes, but came home laden with apes and peacocks. How far the modern Rabbi mistakes apes for gold may be gathered from the fact that, in a note to an Essay on Islamism which closes his volume, he speaks of the existence of the aforesaid books of Adam and Abraham as being authentically proved by their mention in the Talmud; although, as he says, the Talmud does not expound their contents.

MILITARY TOPOGRAPHY.*

WHEN the Government of a military Power conceives the intention of making war against one of its neighbours, or even sees a probability of so doing, officers skilled in topography are sent to study the features of the country likely to become the scene of operations. The Prussians did so before the campaign of 1866, and, if we may believe the Prussian newspapers, the French have lately been occupying themselves with similar studies of German territory. The huntsman ignorant of the country over which he has to work his hounds, the candidate or election-agent who neglects to canvass a constituency, is not more likely to break down than the general who has not studied, in person or by means of his staff, the features of his fighting ground. Some of the failures of the Italians in 1866 were due to such culpable remissness on the part of their leaders; while, on the other hand, the Prussian successes were prepared and greatly facilitated by the intimate knowledge of Bohemia which was common amongst the officers of the army. So obvious is the necessity for topographical knowledge that all mention of it would seem superfluous were it not strangely neglected in the education even of our most scientific officers. Not a single lecture or lesson of any sort on military geography is given to the Woolwich cadets, and the subject is equally ignored in the examination of subalterns for their promotion. Ask an assembly of British officers what strategical positions should be occupied by an army charged with the defence of London against an enemy advancing from the south, and the odds are ten to one that you will not find a single man able to give an intelligent answer. And if the greater part of England is a *terra incognita* to them as regards its military capacities, how much more the rest of Europe! Yet the strategy that prepares battles and the tactics that win them depend for their success on a complete and accurate knowledge of the enemy's position, and of the facilities presented to him for marching or manoeuvring.

The judicious use of features of ground has won more battles than any other cause. Marlborough at Ramillies was able to neglect the

whole of De Villero's left wing because he knew that a march in front of it would prevent its advance. Napoleon's great success at Austerlitz was chiefly due to his taking such advantage of features of ground that the different parts of his own army were in connexion with each other, while those of the allies were separated by obstacles; and, if we would have a more modern instance, the battle of Skalitz is fresh in the memories of all soldiers. There especially, but also generally throughout the campaign of 1866, the Prussians took advantage of hills and woods, while the brave but blundering and headlong Austrians, trained previously to rash tactics, left their position of vantage and, against Benedek's orders, exposed their columns in the plains. The result was so decisive as to create almost a panic through the army. "If these blundering generals are to lead us, what chance have we?" Indeed, the mistakes of Austrian subordinate officers in the late war, due to want of intelligent study of military topography, were so lamentable as to be a lesson to the whole world, and to England especially, where such blind confidence is placed in the sturdiness of the soldier that the result is a most unfortunate want of preparation.

No previous study can obviate the necessity for personal inspection of a country, wherever such inspection is possible. No maps give all the details requisite for a general. Reconnaissance and bold expeditions of single officers will be as necessary as ever, but these will be all the more useful if they are made by men trained to look for advantages of ground, and already acquainted with the general features of a country. The best information obtained by Benedek was brought to him by an Austrian officer who travelled through the Prussian army from one end to the other; but then that officer, who was afterwards killed in battle, knew what he was about. "Il connaît bien la carte" is a favourite expression in the French army to denote confidence in a general. Of which of our English generals could the same remark be made truthfully?

It is because we think that the subject of military topography is not sufficiently studied in our English military schools that we welcome Captain Lendy's translation of Lavallée's great work. The first edition of Lavallée's book was published in 1836, and partially translated by Colonel Jackson in 1850. The French work went through several editions, the seventh, considerably enlarged, being published in 1865, two years before the author's death. Captain Lendy is an old pupil of Lavallée's, and was authorized by him to undertake a new translation. But the volume under our notice is not a mere translation. Captain Lendy has taken advantage of late discoveries, and added information rendered necessary by the wars in America, Germany, and Italy. He claims also to have corrected numerous errors, though we find some peculiarly French ones remaining. For instance, Englishmen are not accustomed to consider *Quatre Bras* as a defeat sustained by their arms. The British held their ground during the battle, checking Ney, whose purpose was to drive them back. Their subsequent retirement upon the position selected for the defence of Brussels was necessary to ensure their junction with the Prussians, who had in truth been defeated at Ligny. But such inaccuracies as this are of little moment when military topography is studied, as it should be, in conjunction with military history. The main fact with regard to *Quatre Bras* is that it is the point of junction of the roads from Charleroy and Namur to Brussels, and hence of considerable strategic importance.

Of the two great divisions of the earth's surface, land and sea, the former only is treated extensively in Lavallée's work. His system is to "make an analytical description of the surface of the land by dividing and subdividing it, in accordance with its chief framework, into elements of detail subordinate to the general system of which they form part." Though adopting, for the moment, the definition of "watershed" given by Captain Lendy, we only do so under protest. The word "shed," from the German *scheiden*, is still used in the common talk of some parts of England to express *parting*; and Captain Lendy would have done better had he left watershed as it stands in geographical nomenclature, and chosen such a simple word as "waterslopes" for the use to which he now applies "watersheds." With this protest we must perforce follow Captain Lendy, using his own terms. Defining the term "watershed" as the declivities that fall from the "waterpartings" or ridges separating the opposite watersheds, masses of land, whether continents or islands, rise from the sea to some one chief waterparting. Perpendicular or oblique to the chief waterparting run minor chains of mountains or hills with their secondary watersheds, and the streams which flow down the opposite slopes accumulate below to join those rising in the chief mountains, and form the main rivers. The streams have their own watercourses, and receive yet smaller tributaries falling from minor waterpartings, down minor watersheds, and so on—the divisions being more or less numerous according to the height of the principal chain and the general configuration of the country. Subject to modifications, the face of any mass of land may be considered to possess its primary, secondary, tertiary, &c. waterpartings, watersheds, and consequent watercourses, the junction of tertiary watersheds producing secondary watercourses, and so on. Each watercourse has its valley, and the whole series of valleys constitute the "basin" of that river which the watercourses combine to form. The rivers in their turn slide down to the sea, and several river basins united form a "sea basin" or "maritime watershed." To describe the

* *Physical, Historical, and Military Geography, from the French of Ph. Lavallée.* Edited, with Additions and Corrections, by Captain Lendy, F.G.S., F.L.S., &c. 1868.

earth as divided into mountain chains and river basins is the system of Lavallée, popularizing the previous attempts in the same direction made by Lacroix, Humboldt, Ritter, &c.

There can be little doubt that a truer knowledge of geography and a stronger mental impression can be obtained in this fashion than by studying the boundaries of States; and the productions of the upper regions can be traced with facility down the rivers, or along the roads and railways that also generally follow the valleys. Here, too, must we look, with few exceptions, for the lines of military operations, which are greatly dependent upon the means of transport furnished by rivers and roads. On these natural lines we may expect to find the fortresses set to guard a frontier, and the most prosperous mercantile communities. Roads and rivers have frequently been called the arteries of commerce. Through them also leaps the pulse of war. If France should ever seriously desire to struggle with Prussia for the Rhine frontier, her armies will follow the course of some of the Rhine tributaries—the Meuse, the Moselle, and the streams falling into them. Therefore this mode of studying geography is in harmony with history, and the lessons learnt in both schools assist and supplement each other.

But political divisions are by no means ignored by Lavallée; only, he subordinates them to natural ones in a manner that is frequently, perhaps intentionally, suggestive. For instance, he includes Portugal in "the Spanish region," and of the French regions he says:—

This region, called Gaul by the ancients, the greater part of which bears the name of France, is bounded on the south by the Mediterranean and the Continental Pyrenees, on the west by the Bay of Biscay, on the north by the English Channel and the German Ocean, on the east by the Rhine from its mouth to its source, and by the Alps from Mont St. Gothard to the Mediterranean.

He quotes Strabo, who says that a tutelary deity seems to have destined Gaul to be one day the most flourishing part of the globe. After a warm panegyric upon the people and language of France, he states boldly the position he claims for her—a position that he has shown clearly to have been sought by her rulers for ages past:—

But it is not only in the domain of thought that she rules Europe; she likewise often sways it with her arms, and her central position renders her well adapted to offensive war. On the south she holds the Spanish and Italian peninsulas like two satellites naturally disposed to follow her movements; by the Mediterranean she borders on Africa, and takes part in the affairs of the East; on the west the Atlantic offers its vast basin to her vessels to connect her with the New World; on the north she adjoins England, protected from her by the Straits of Dover; lastly, on the east she is only separated from the German countries by the Rhine—a trench that has been crossed so often by her armies.

Truly Lavallée's *Military Topography* should be read by the light of his *Frontières de la France*.

The value of Captain Lendy's translation would have been enhanced by a more detailed description of Indian topography, but he has produced a volume which cannot fail to be widely appreciated when the scientific study of military geography becomes, as it must become, one of the most important studies at our military colleges. One great deficiency is apparent. Neither military nor any other geography can be studied to good purpose without maps. The French edition of Lavallée's work is accompanied by an atlas, which is, however, far from being perfect. Captain Lendy has translated French names of places into English, and the only thoroughly good and sufficient maps are French or German. Probably the expense of preparing a military atlas, in which all roads and railways, with chains of hills, must be set forth accurately, has deterred the publisher. Yet it is a strange proof of deficient cultivation in the English army if so necessary a work cannot be undertaken for want of probable buyers. Maps for the study of the military art need not be covered with names. All fortresses must be shown, and should be marked in red, and no place named in such a work as Lavallée's must be omitted. But the insertion of these will not fill up so much space as to leave roads, streams, and railroads otherwise than clear. It is only because the science of military topography has been too much neglected in England that there can be any doubt as to the sale of military maps. Captain Lendy has given the English army a most useful book, but his work can only be counted as half done until he produces an atlas by which the book can be studied.

FOX-HUNTING.*

IF this book had been considerably abridged, save in those parts which treat of the breeding and management of hounds, it would have been, we think, a great advantage. Without unduly disparaging the merits of "Scrutator," it must be admitted that, from a literary point of view, his exposition of the science of fox-hunting has no pretension to compete with the writings of Beckford and Delmé Redcliffe on the same subject, and, in addition, the science itself is not held in such esteem now as in the days of those distinguished sportsmen. Moreover, descriptions of imaginary runs have been penned over and over again, and we are fairly sick of the ideal huntsman, with his aphorisms and his astuteness, and of the ideal whipper-in, with his untutored

zeal and his youthful blunders. On the other hand, the science of breeding, whether as applied to dogs, horses, or cattle, is quite in its infancy, and the experience of every practical man adds something to the stock of information already accumulated. No animal transmits his qualities, good or bad, to his descendants more uniformly than the fox-hound; and a hound, perfect in all respects but one, will be rendered, by that single defect, valueless for breeding purposes. "Scrutator" possessed a hound that attracted unqualified admiration from so excellent a judge as Asheton Smith. He was perfect to look at, with capital legs and feet, good shoulders, strong back and loins. His fault was that he was rather free with his tongue—not noisy, but in the habit of speaking twice when once would have been sufficient. Mr. Smith conceived the idea that, by mating him with some inmates of the kennel rather shy of tongue, he might obtain a cross that would be neither noisy nor mute. But the warnings of "Scrutator" were verified, for, handsome as all Freeman's descendants were, they inherited the vice of loquacity, and the Squire's frequent exclamation in the field—"Confound that Freeman"—was in itself an acknowledgment of his error. It is probable that "Scrutator's" judgment is right in declining to breed from any hounds, male or female, until they have passed through three seasons, by which time any evil propensities will most probably have shown themselves. The case of Freeman moreover illustrates a well established law that, in the descent of foxhounds, the bad propensities of the father prevail over the good ones of the mother. And this is one truth gained in the study of the science of breeding. Babbling has always been considered a fatal vice in a hound, no matter what his quarry may be:—

At clangore citat, quos nondum conspiciat, apros
Atola quæcumque canis de stirpe (malignum
Officium), sive illa metus convicia ruit,
Seu frustra nimis preperat furor.

Somerville, whose observation was most accurate, and whose maxims on many points are by no means obsolete, is most distinct in his denunciation of loquacity:—

The vain babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
With false alarms, and loud impertinence.

There is one fault only [says Scrutator] for which a young hound ought to be drafted, and may be put fairly aside immediately—too much tongue. We have never known an instance of amendment in this case. Babbling increases with years.

Every other kind of fault can be corrected, and may be amended, but "the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil." Indeed at the present time hounds might be without voices altogether, for the huntsman and the whips do all the noise for them, and they are taught to depend on the halloo of the former, and to run to that, and not according to scent. A good deal of the success of this plan must depend on the field being accustomed to habits of discipline, for if every one began to halloo and screech, the most direful confusion would ensue. There are plenty of disorderly fields, however, where the master in vain struggles to maintain order. Many men got up in faultless attire can no more avoid showing their utter ignorance of sportsmanship than the ass in the lion's skin could abstain from braying; and in each case the love of giving tongue declares the impostor. Few men in authority can restrain themselves, under such circumstances, from language more forcible than complimentary; but the polite irony of a master of hounds commemorated by Beckford would probably cut more deeply than a whole volley of imprecations. This gentleman, perceiving his hounds to be much confused by the frequent halloos of a stranger, rode up to him, and thanked him with great civility for the trouble he was taking; but at the same time acquainted him that the two men he saw in green coats were paid so much a year on purpose to halloo; it would be needless for him, therefore, to give himself any further trouble.

We remarked that the science of fox-hunting has fallen into considerable disrepute, and we might add that in the crack countries it is utterly pooh-poohed. "Sport," says Beckford, "is but a secondary consideration with a true fox-hunter. The first is, the killing of the fox; hence arises the eagerness of pursuit, and the chief pleasure of the chase." But even in his day there were signs of the coming rebellion against this orthodox creed. One of his friends asserted that fox-hunting was only followed because men could ride hard, and do less harm in that than in any other hunting. The answer was obvious. To such as love the riding part only of hunting, would not a trail scent be much more suitable? "Gentlemen who hunt for the sake of a ride, who are indifferent about the hounds, and know little of the business, if they do no harm, it is to the full as much as we have reason to expect from them." In the present day not only are men indifferent about the hounds, and not merely partially, but utterly, ignorant of the business, but they are indifferent about the fox also. It is an incidental circumstance in the afternoon's amusement that there is an animal called a fox, which may or may not be caught, and at whose obsequies the rider may or may not assist; and it is another incidental circumstance that there are animals called hounds, whose business it is to find, and perhaps to catch, the fox; but the real object of the rider is to get over the greatest stretch of country in the straightest possible line, and in the shortest possible time. If he takes out his watch and finds that he has done so many miles in so many minutes, he is satis-

* The Science of Fox-hunting and Management of the Kennel. By Scrutator. London: Routledge & Son. 1868.

fied; and what cares he for fox or for hounds? Swift bursts from point to point, accomplished with few delays—for the day of the fashionable fox-hunter only lasts about three hours—requiring only a sufficient change of horses, and a good eye for country, these are the desiderata of the modern Nimrod. Hunting, in fact, is much what steeple-chasing originally was, when the name correctly defined the amusement. Forty or fifty men start on as fair terms as each can obtain for himself, and make the best of their way to a certain point four or five miles off. The one who can get there first, thanks to his being better mounted, or being a better horseman, or having a superior knowledge of the country, is so far the hero of the day; and we will venture to say that the first remarks of all who reach the point aimed at have no reference to the fox or the hounds, but are equally eager as to the distance that has been covered and the time in which it has been done. We are of course not speaking of those sportsmen who ride in districts where slow hunting—slow in two senses, it will be said—is unavoidable from the character of the country. But then these gentlemen abide where they are from compulsion, and make the best they can of a bad business. No man, we take it for granted, would hunt in East Sussex if he could afford to have his headquarters at Market Harborough. The spirit of the age is altogether in favour of hard riding, and if a man has the means of galloping over the grass countries, he will no more condescend to dodge all the morning about great woodlands, or to assist in painfully picking up a scent on cold fallows, than he would go out with a Frenchman to catch rabbits with an *écrevisse*. The Frenchman ties a long piece of string to the *écrevisse's* tail, and sends him down into the burrow. When he reaches the rabbit he attaches himself to it with such prehensile power that the rabbit bolts with his persecutor, and deposits itself in a sack which the prudent sportsman has placed at the mouth of the burrow. *Cette chasse*, says its narrator, *demande beaucoup de patience*. We should think so. *Les opérations de l'écrevisse sont lentes*. The movements of the crustacean are gradual. *Mais aussi elles sont quelquefois plus sûres que celles du furet*. So our grandfathers took great delight in rising early in the morning, getting into a great wood, and never getting out of it the whole day. They potted about, and it was a pleasure to them to see their hounds work, and when they were cold they could canter up and down a green drive till they were warm. But in that sort of sport, also, much patience is required, and the movements of the hounds are very gradual. Our modern fox-hunter, if he did not fall asleep on horseback, would stand very little of it. At the end of his second cigar, after a few angry glances at his watch, he would press his hat down on his forehead, turn to the right about, and indulge in a burst across country on his own account, with no quarry in view but some distant landmark, and no competitor in the race but Time. Huntsmen are obliged now to conform to the tastes and requirements of the field, and to abandon the ancient maxims of their craft. "Scrutator" himself admits the fact. "With cracking of whips and wild screeches, hounds are driven off their noses, and ready to fly anywhere with a scent or without it; in fact they are taught to run at a scent, instead of being allowed to carry it with them; and were it not for cub-hunting and an occasional woodland day during the season, when they must hunt, they would trust more to their ears and eyes than their noses." As long as hounds view their fox, or the scent is burning, well and good; but directly there comes a check, the hard riders will not tolerate any delay for the purpose of allowing them to recover the scent. No, the huntsman must lift them on, as hard as they can go, to some point for which he thinks the fox may have made. If he is right, they perhaps view him again, and all is well; if he is wrong, he may find another, and then also all is well; if he fails in both chances, he hesitates not a moment, but makes for the nearest cover, and, with luck, rattles out or chops a fox. Anyhow, the men of the first flight will have had a good gallop; and as they came out to gallop, and not to see hounds hunt, they will be satisfied. A huntsman with a perfect knowledge of the country, and on the line of a fox that has been hunted before, will thus lift his hounds from point to point, and perhaps succeed in killing his fox at the end of a long run, simply by a lucky speculation, for the hounds will perhaps not have been on scent for a tenth part of the distance traversed. This is the principle of modern fox-hunting in the fast counties, to which all sportsmen who have the necessary means throng, and it is scarcely necessary to say that the days of cub-hunting and of woodland hunting, when, as "Scrutator" remarks, hounds must hunt, are looked on by the hard riders with the utmost contempt.

Of what use, then, a treatise on a science which is virtually obsolete? That is the question which will occur to every one who reads "Scrutator's" bulky volume. Of what use is the fox, when as Beckford observes, if a quick gallop is all that is wanted, a trail scent would be much more suitable? He might be left to fatten in his native woods, and careful inquiries might result in the discovery of some method of making him available for the table. Foxes are exposed in the markets of Rome and Paris, and a French writer informs us that "*la chair du Renard est moins mauvaise que celle du loup; les chiens et même les hommes en mangent en automne, surtout lorsqu'il s'est nourri et engraisé de raisins*." Certainly, so far as the crack counties are concerned at the present day, a treatise on the science of hunting

the fox is more out of place than a treatise on the science of cooking the fox.

MR. TAYLOR'S TRANSLATION OF THE ÆNEID.

THOSE who accepted as a success the late Mr. Philip Worsley's experiment of translating Homer into Spenserian stanzas ought *à fortiori* to admit the application of the same English measure to Virgil. The higher finish and more studied grace of the Æneid invite the assistance of the most elaborately perfected metre in any language which has to undergo the ordeal of reconveying it. It was on the ground of its fatal facility that some critics took exception to Professor Conington's octosyllabic version, though the unfairness of such a criticism might be patent to any one who would take the trouble to note with what pains and skill of division and break and metrical variation the verse of Scott had been made to accommodate itself to the Virgilian hexameter. To argue that this is an easy task is simply to betray inexperience. But here, at all events, the charge of undue facility of rhythm will not lie. The Spenserian stanza, with its great flexibility, its mechanical breaks, and its various licenses, is an attractive, but not an easy, instrument; certainly it does not lend itself readily to the off-hand efforts of a slovenly translator. Mr. Fairfax Taylor, who has solicited a hearing for his attempt to demonstrate the adaptability of Virgil's Æneid to the measure of Spenser, seems to us to have hit a true point in discerning the value of the intricate machinery of that measure as a match for the high-wrought finish of the original, and a security against hasty and slipshod composition. "Spenser's stanzas," he remarks, "may not be absolutely the best instrument for translation, but his Pegasus has at least the merit of being more difficult to be moulded, or at least more difficult to be managed, by an inferior hand."

Perhaps, however, after all, it may be doubted whether so much importance is to be attached to the structure of the vehicle as to the skill of the driver. Mr. Worsley won a consensus of admiration by his Spenserian version of the first half of the Odyssey, and though it struck us that, as he went forward to that point in the Iliad where death cut short his graceful labours, he grew more and more addicted to amplification of his original, and to imitation of Pope's splendid unfaithfulness, it was impossible not to be won by the perfect finish of his style, and his thorough mastery of his measure. Difficulty overcome became a pleasing reminiscence. The labour that at first suggested fears as well as hopes grew by reiteration to be a pledge of recurrent triumph. But Mr. Worsley's danger was that of yielding overmuch to the temptations of expansion in order to meet the exigencies of his verse; and, in the judgment of some at least, that danger grew as he went forward. As yet, for he has only put forth two books at present, Mr. Taylor has kept creditably clear of this rock. With the watchfulness of an incipient mariner he keeps a good look-out, and cautiously sails very fairly close to Virgil's text, so as to steer a course which, in the case of a translator, cannot be too much recommended—neither too far from shore nor too venturesome. Not at all underrating the difficulties of the metre adopted, he has seen that the way to escape them is not by free translation; rather, in manful self-reliance, he has striven to combine good faith to Virgil with full justice to the instrument which he has chosen for representing him in English. Whether he is equal to keeping this up through the whole twelve books must depend upon his own steadfastness of aim and purpose; but if in what is before him he unites, as in what he has already achieved, great accuracy and neatness with considerable metrical skill, there needs no prophet to augur for him a high rank among translators.

His merits, as will be anticipated from the foregoing remarks, consist in having duly plied the scholar's craft, as well as that of the accomplished versifier. Through the two books before us we have been unable to detect any grave departure from the sense of the Latin, and very few passages where obscurity leaves it doubtful what meaning the translator has attached to the words of Virgil. Perhaps one might hesitate to affirm that he has exactly realized the full force of

Cavum conversâ cuspidem montem
Impulit in latus (i. 81);

for a comparison of Henry's lucid explanation of that passage will induce a doubt whether Virgil's words find a satisfactory counterpart in the lines

So saying, full at the hollow rock he drove
His spear uplifted.

We do not find here the entire representation of the action which Virgil depicts—namely, that of pushing the inward-opening portals of the mountain's side with a spear applied to it. When Mr. Taylor immediately afterwards speaks of the "cleft" so made, he leaves a doubt whether he entirely takes in the operation denoted. We question, too, whether in Book II., stanza xvii., the English lines

Mute twice five days, the seer disdained to lie,
Or doom a victim, scarce at last controlled
By clamouring Ithacus' perfidious cry
He spake the word arranged, and destined me to die,

* *The Æneid of Virgil*. Books I. and II. Translated into English Verse in the Spenserian Stanza. By Edward Fairfax Taylor. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1867.

do not slightly misrepresent the Latin (compare *Æn.* ii. 126-9), wherein it is abundantly clear that the reluctance of Calchas was feigned from first to last. The words "tectus" and "composito" should have led Mr. Taylor to couch the seer's hesitation in less ambiguous language. In one or two minor details also we discover a certain vagueness. "Querere conscius arma" in the same passage means that Ulysses, a conspirator himself, looked about for partners in his plot; but Mr. Taylor's rendering "And conscious sought for arms," is so vague as to present no meaning. "Quam prendimus arcem?" in *Æn.* ii. 322, can by no possibility mean "How fares the citadel"; and in v. 291 of the same book there is a singular oversight and mistranslation where Hector's ghost says to Æneas,

*Sat patrie, Priamoque, datum : si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent, etiam hæc defensa fuissent.*

From the last line and a half it is clear that the italicized words must mean "You, Æneas, have done all you can do for your country and kinsfolk." But Mr. Taylor interprets them

Priam and Troy have had enough from me,

an expression which, proceeding out of the mouth of Hector, would blunt the point of the striking sentence that was immediately to follow.

Against these slips, however, which are singularly rare, might be quoted manifold sets-off from every page of this translation, which, it may be added, is sustained as well as faithful, and in no case descends to the sin of bathos, into which a love of literality is apt to beguile its votaries. "Flammis adolere Penates" (*Virg. Æn.* i. 704) is just a phrase over which translators might make shipwreck by sins of excess or defect, and its strict meaning, "to keep up the cooking fire," is sufficiently homely. But analyse the meaning of the words, and it will be hard to turn them more fairly or faithfully than Mr. Taylor has done in rendering them "And nurse the flames divine." Epic dignity is upheld without sacrifice of exactness; and so it is generally in this version, whether the original is difficult or smooth, patent or obscure of interpretation. The rhetorical antitheses, the apophthegmatic sentences, which ever and anon come across the student in the *Æneid*, are all reproduced in creditable verisimilitude in this English copy. And the likeness is more than on the surface. There are abundant signs that the meaning has been well studied, and that, as a rule, where a choice has lain between real truthfulness and superficial similarity, the translator honourably elects to sink or swim with the former. At the same time the copy is nowise servile. Here is the well-known passage which follows Neptune's address to the rebel winds (*Æn.* i. 142, &c.—"Sic ait, et dicto citius," &c.) :—

So spake the god,
And swifter than the word he smooth'd the main,
And chased the clouds, and brought the sun again.
Triton, Cymothoe from the rock's sharp brow
Heave off the vessels, Neptune plies amain
His trident-lever, lays the sand-banks low,
On light wheels shapes the deep, and calms the billowy flow.

XX.

As when in mighty multitudes bursts out
Sedition, and the rabble rave in wrath;
Rage finds them arms; stones, firebrands fly about.
Then, if conspicuous to the crowd, stand forth
Some man, revered for sanctity and worth,
Silent they stand, attend; his words restrain
Their angry wills. So sank the sea's wild wrath,
When through the clear sky looking o'er the main,
The Sea-King lashed his steeds, and slacked the favouring rein.

It would be hard to mend these verses in point of closeness to the Latin text, and yet there is sufficient freedom in the rendering of "levat ipse tridenti," "vastas aperit Syrtes," and other Virgilian figures, which we have italicized, to vindicate for the translator a faithfulness, not so much in the letter as in the spirit. Nor, indeed, is the metre which Mr. Taylor handles so gracefully found wanting in needful force. Some of the descriptions of the fatal night of Troy's downfall test this sufficiently. The following stanza is a case in point, as the reader will see who turns to the passage in the Second Book which begins with "Turrin in præcipiti stantem" (*Æn.* ii. 460, fol.) :—

High o'er the highest parapet to the sky
Rose, from the wall precipitous, a tower,
Whence camp, and fleet, and city met the eye.
Thence round with swords assailing, where the floor
Stood uppermost, the yielding planks we tore
And tugged, and pushed. Down on the Danaans there
Sudden it thundered with a ruining roar,
Wide-wasting. Others closing up, repair
The death-gap. Darts and stones incessant crowd the air.

Equally powerful is the description of Troy's destruction and desolation in stanzas xlvii. and xlviii., while the stanza which comes next to these reminds us of the neatness and finish which Mr. Taylor has put into all those similes which are so remarkable a feature of the art of Virgil. We need only refer to the likening of Pyrrhus to a serpent renewed in vigour and venom after the torpor of winter (*ii.* 471, fol.), and of the band led by Æneas and Coræbus to ravening wolves in a dark mist (*ii.* 355). And another notable feature is that Mr. Taylor's stanza invariably allows him room for concluding in one line—generally the final line—those numerous quotable and oft-quoted sentences in which Virgil so excels :—

Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.—*ii.* 353.

Sole hope to vanquished men of safety is despair.

Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.—*ii.* 198.

Nor thousand ships subdued, nor ten years' war could tire.

Nunc omnes terrent aura, sonus excitat omnis

Suspensum, et pariter comitique onerique timentem.—*ii.* 729-30.

Now at each sound, each whisper shrink with fear,
Trembling for him I lead, and for the charge I bear.

Not to multiply such instances, we would also invite attention to the facilities which Mr. Taylor's metre has afforded him for carrying on the sense of passages requiring it beyond the termination of a stanza. Of this license he has availed himself with moderation, and nowhere in such a way as can provoke criticism, and this is certainly an advantage of the Spenserian metre over the heroic couplet. When we have further stated that he shows in various ways that he is well versed in English poetry, whether original or translated, we hope we have said enough to encourage him to the completion of his work. Virgil is not so overdone with translations as Homer, and there is room for Mr. Taylor, if he maintains his present care and faithfulness, beside Professor Conington, among modern renderers of the *Æneid*.

IN VAIN.*

THE most difficult character in fiction to render interesting is that which shows the progress of speculative opinion rather than the power of circumstance or the influence of passion. No person cares much about the mere opinions of another, neither do they exercise any great influence on the outside life of a man; the range indeed where they can act dramatically being exceedingly limited. But, as a novel which is not in some sense dramatic fails in the larger half of its final cause, one in which the principal character works from a purely intellectual centre is never a real success, how good soever it may be when considered from its own standing-point, and judged of according to its own aims. In fact, it is provoking because of its very excellence, for it must needs be both earnest and thoughtful; and the reader becomes impatient of what is substantially a misdirection and waste of power. He cannot help feeling that, if half the pains now taken to show how such or such an opinion has arisen, and what it has done for the soul of the holder, had been spent on the artistic building-up of the plot or the exposition of character, the work in question would have been all the better for the transfer of power from the pseudo-sermon to the story. *In Vain* is one of those books which try to throw the central interest round a man because of his thoughts; as did *Armstrong Magney* by the same author. In *Armstrong Magney*, however, it was easy to recognise the leading idea as having been taken from the life and mind of Robertson; and thus the story gained a certain living interest, if only of the reflected kind. But it is never safe to repeat a success which has been mainly adventitious; and *In Vain*, being the *réchauffé* of an already used idea, suffers in consequence.

It is a dreary kind of book, where all the people are either sad or bad, and where the whole of life is at cross-purposes from end to end. No one loves specially wisely, and most of the characters love too well; no one is quite healthy or natural save the hero, Frank Wagner; and he, not to be out of harmony with the rest, makes a fool of himself in his love affairs. It would be too much to expect that there should be any one in *In Vain* who did not make a fool of himself. The nominal hero, Wynbert Gregg, is a poor creature, for all his refinement, when compared with the sturdier strength of Frank; but indeed nothing is more hazardous than to make a hero of one of those undersized, feminine, good young men who have been brought up at home tied to their mothers' apron-strings, and who are as much women as men. Even in real life they are more ridiculed than adored; while in fiction, which deals with broader outlines and more decided colours, they are very weak brethren indeed, and quite unable to bear the weight of the plot or the burden of the central interest; and when one of the chief psychological points is made by Wynbert's falling away from the creed in which his mother lives and has bred him, to find that his subsequent trials are all the harder to bear for want of the support which a firm faith in Evangelical Christianity would have given him, the interest is so far thrown on a decidedly weak basis, being a theme more fitted for a tract than for a novel. Though Wynbert loses his faith in God and his belief in man, though he finds love to be an illusion (for the time), and all goodness to be flawed and marred, though he coquets with the thought of suicide, and feels only "the deepest passion of despair" for all that he is in his own nature and for all that life holds for him, yet he does not become degraded, as at one time seemed almost likely. "Happily, when the soul can no longer recognise its own faith, or even believes it to be extinct, the faith may still remain strong enough to save the character. To empty a noble heart of its aspirations after good, and to paralyse its efforts, might need, possibly, more than the experience of any one lifetime." He moons a good deal certainly, and is melancholy and misanthropic after the manner of such heroes when they take to unprofitable thought; but by the aid of a friendly interpreter things come right in the end, and old sores are healed by a new hand.

* *In Vain*. By Heraclitus Grey, Author of "Armstrong Magney." 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Strange undertones of likeness are in this book. The sin of Mrs. Gregg and Mr. Harcourt irresistibly reminds one of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*; the whole episode of Gerty is like a German story, even to the phraseology usually employed when dealing with this little Anglo-Teutonic maiden; we have surely met with the material, sleek, selfish, good-looking Robert Filmore before; and his foolish mother, weak rather than unprincipled, and more silly than cruel, is no stranger for her own part. Neither is the worldly but not bad-hearted merchant, unable to appreciate as she deserves the ethereal being placed in his clumsy charge, yet doing his coarse best that way, and when all is reckoned up, to be set down as more sinned against than sinning; nor the peccant clergyman, penitent and abashed, yet manful even in his disgrace, and never leaving off trying to expiate his crime by sorrow and repentance. Circumstances and characters are all more or less echoes of a former strain, and the book is curiously wanting in originality throughout. The prettiest group is that of which the old German enthusiast and philosopher, Herr Wagner, is the central figure. The Herr is living in his special version of "la recherche de l'absolu"; and while his son does all the work of supporting the family, and his daughter goes sadly for need of care and guidance, he dreams of the time when the world shall be regenerated by his means, and how men will then pour gold into his lap and shower laurels on his head. Meanwhile he and his want everything that makes life pleasant, or that constitutes decent living. Often as this character has been delineated, it is always taking. There is something fresh and charming in the idea of a man so absorbed in high and lofty thought that he cannot give heed to time, to duties, or even to love. Purged from all grossness, and devoted to the most sublime pursuits, such a man is an example of the divine element overriding the human. It is rather humiliating that for the most part the result should be so unsatisfactory, and that the family of a philosopher engaged, like Herr Wagner, in the task of regenerating mankind should generally fail in the matter of decent garments, and have to spend much time in unseemly alterations with tradespeople wearied of giving long credit. The son and daughter of the Herr are certainly the pleasantest people in the book; and little Gerty, in her quaint semi-German costume, with her hair hanging down her back in two plaited tails, her ignorance of all things considered necessary for a young lady to know, and her crude attempts at gaining knowledge unassisted, her innocence, and her naïve love, is a specially charming creature. To be sure she is rather wearisome at times with her ready tears, her aptitude for kissing, her so continually nestling her head on her brother's shoulder, and numberless other displays of sentimentality; while Frank, her brother, the working builder, strong and sensible in all else, is little better than a schoolboy as regards Zilda Stanton. Zilda herself is an enigma not easily solved, and wanting in directness and preponderance of one or the other set of faculties and characteristics; being one of those creatures who are everything by turns and nothing long, so that one does not know whether she is going to be saint or sinner, lost or saved. Unquestionably she does some queer things at times. A chapter headed "The Beauty and the Golden Prince Voyage on Silver Sails" sets forth how Frank, sailing one evening in his fishing-boat called the "Wave-wing," spies out Zilda sitting reading on the shingle. He has heard of the beauty, and is determined to see her close at hand for himself; so, "approaching the shore, the Golden Prince, with grace of movement, drew in all the sails, allowing the little vessel with diminished speed to graze the shingle, and push a little way on the beach. Then, with a light spring, he stood at her feet." Introducing himself, he asks her to come out with him in his boat, and Zilda, "with a flushing cheek and beating heart," complies—which is not quite according to the canons of even country society, where the canons are wide of interpretation. In general, if a working builder, as Frank Wagner was, dressing in a canvass suit, covered with brickdust, and hail-fellow with the fishermen of a small seaport, should attempt such a familiarity as to propose a lonely sail in his fishing-boat to a beautiful young lady, as proud as she was beautiful, before he had ever been introduced to her or had had speech of her before folk, he would have been repulsed with an indignation as righteous as indignant. But Zilda, who is good though wild, accepts this extraordinary offer for no stronger temptation apparently than because Frank Wagner has "flowing, curly, light-brown hair, glowing in the sun like shreaded (sic) gold, and a thick, curling, light beard and grand moustache, the ideal of ornament for a king of men. Then, when she could distinguish the features, they were the perfection of manly sense and grace. Involuntarily she flung her book down and rose up, prepared at the moment to go with the stranger to the ends of the earth." She did not go quite so far on this occasion; she only went for a sail in the twilight, and the sail landed her in Frank's heart. Of course such a beginning could have but one ending; and the golden prince and the scornful beauty fall in love with each other, though she is for a long time difficult to manage, and makes sundry efforts to shake off her flowery letters, even to running away with her disreputable mother, changing her name, and going on the stage; for she is as proud as a female Lucifer, and resents her weakness fiercely. These efforts are not successful in the end, but meantime they occupy a respectable space in the book, and so answer their ordained purpose.

All the love affairs of *In Vain* are a little odd, to speak mildly. There are, as we have seen, Zilda Stanton and Frank—the

haughty daughter of a retired captain, and he a brickdust-covered builder—entering on an acquaintance, and continuing it, under the most original circumstances possible. Then Gerty falls in love with Wynbert, quite as impulsively, if without outward sign, because he has fine eyes, is delicate, sickly, and has soul; Wynbert falls in love with Lady Eveline, and she with him, mainly on the strength of a fairy story told by the young man when a mere child and remembered by her ever after; Mrs. Gregg and Mr. Harcourt have been nearer and dearer to each other than morality or the world allows; Mrs. Stanton is a castaway, and fat Mrs. Burrows makes love to the Captain, believing in his widowership and not daunted by his religious views; while of the coarser folk Robert loves his cousin Matilda because she has money, and Matilda loves Robert because he asks her to do so; and a number of smaller fry still, for nothing in particular. There is a great deal of love-making in the book, but perhaps the author wished to counterbalance the depressing influence of Wynbert's gloomy character, of Mrs. Gregg's sin, of Mrs. Stanton's degradation, and of the terrible ruin and distress following on Robert Filmore's selfish exposure of his dishonourably obtained secret. He has heaped together a rather unnecessary amount of pain and misery, and he has tried to level up by a like amount of love-making and folly. But the only result is an over-charged palette, and a sense of profound muddle and clumsiness in the construction. Clever as *In Vain* is, it is not a satisfactory novel. It is confused in story, and at times very dry and uninteresting; the characters are well conceived, but not one is original, and not one thoroughly worked out; it has been written in too great a hurry, and because of *Armstrong Magney*—which is about the most fatal reason for a second novel an author could have.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—The ELEVENTH SEASON commences on Monday Evening next, November 16, on which occasion the Programme will include Mozart's Clarinet Quintet, Mendelssohn's Quartet in D Major, for Strings, &c. Executants: M. Fauer, Salomon, Lazarus, J. Rios, Henry Blacrove, and Piatti. Vocalist: Miss Edith Wynne. Conductor: Mr. Benedict. Sala, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 39 New Bond Street; Keith, Browne, & Co.'s, 48 Cheapside; and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.—Director: Mr. S. ANTHONY CHAPPELL.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR.—COURSE of about TWENTY LECTURES on this subject will be delivered by Professor T. H. KEY, M.A., F.R.S., on Mondays, from 4 to 5.15 p.m. Fee for the Course, £1 1s. The First Lecture (open to the Public) will be delivered on Monday, November 23. JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

ECLECTIC DEBATING SOCIETY.—Fourteenth Session, 1868-9. THE FIRST THREE DEBATES of the SESSION will be held at Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, W.C., as follows:
Thursday, November 19.—Subject: "That it is desirable several Working-men Sit in the New Parliament." Affirmative—Mr. W. H. BARNARD. Negative—Mr. FRANCIS RIDLEY.
Thursday, November 26.—Subject: "That the 'Minority Clause' ought to be Repealed." Affirmative—Mr. W. H. BARNARD. Negative—Mr. FRANCIS RIDLEY.
Thursday, December 10.—Subject: "That Hepworth Dixon's Writings do not exert an Influential Influence." Affirmative—Mr. J. B. PORTER. Negative—Mr. BARNARD THOMAS.
Chair taken each Evening at Half-past Seven precisely. All Communications to be addressed to the SECRETARY, Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, W.C.

JUNIOR ATHLETIC CLUB.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the NEW CLUB HOUSE, 116 Piccadilly, will be OPEN for the use of the Members on Monday next, the 16th inst.
By Order of the Committee,
GEORGE R. WRIGHT, F.S.A., Secretary.

TRENT COLLEGE.—A PUBLIC SCHOOL on the Principles of the Church of England. A thoroughly good English, French, and Latin Education is given. Terms—£10 a Quarter. No extra Charges, and no Bills sent home. Situation, near to Trent Station, between Derby and Nottingham.
Head-Master—Rev. T. F. FENN, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.
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Assistant French Master—MR. JOAS LARCHEVEQUE, B.L.L. and Dr. Ph. of the University of France.
And other qualified Resident Masters.
For particulars apply to Rev. T. F. FENN, Trent College, near Nottingham.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE INSTITUTION FOR LADIES, Tufnell Park, Camden Road, London.
Fee for Residents in Finishing School, 60 Guineas per annum.
Fee for Residents in Middle School, 40 Guineas per annum.
Fee for Residents in Elementary School, 30 Guineas per annum.
Payment reckoned from Entrance.
Governesses—Students received. Certificates granted.
For Prospectuses, with List of Rev. Patrons and Lady-Patronesses, address Mrs. MORE, Lady-Principal, at the College.

THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES (Director, Mr. ANTONIN ROCHE, Knight of the Legion of Honour, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.) Somerset Street, Portman Square, W.; and 24 Cleveland Gardens, Hyde Park, W.) will REOPEN for the Thirty-third year, on November 16. French, English, German, Italian, History, Geography, Astronomy, Singing, Piano, Drawing, Painting, Dancing, &c. Applications to be addressed to Mr. A. ROCHE, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.

CIVIL SERVICE of INDIA.—Mr. SPRANGE, M.A., assisted by a large Staff of the best Masters to be obtained in the Subjects of the Competitive Examinations, has VACANCIES. References to upwards of Twenty Successful Candidates. Terms moderate.—Address, 12 Princes Square, Daywater, W.

CIVIL SERVICE and ARMY.—Mr. W. M. LUPTON (Author of "English History and Arithmetic for Competitive Examinations") has GENTLEMEN preparing for all Departments of both Services.—Address, 15 Beaufort Buildings, Strand.

MILITARY EDUCATION.—CANDIDATES for Woolwich, Sandhurst, or Direct Commissions, and OFFICERS entering the Staff College, PREPARED for the Examination by a retired CAPTAIN of ENGINEERS, who has passed through the Senior Department, Royal Military College, Sandhurst, served in the Crimea, &c., and has been peculiarly successful in Military Tutorial. Highest references.—Address, A. D. C. Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall.

FOLKESTONE.—The Rev. C. L. ACLAND, M.A. of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Mr. W. J. JEFFERSON, M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, late Principal of the Elphinstone Institution, Bombay, prepare PUPILS for the Indian Civil Service and other Competitive Examinations.—Terms and references on application.

EDUCATION (superior) in GERMANY, where the SONS of GENTLEMEN are thoroughly prepared for the Universities, Professional and other pursuits. A very liberal Table kept; kind Treatment, and best Society. Highest references in London.—For an interview or Prospectus, address Pastor VILMAR, University and School, Acker, 46 Regent Street, W.

MATRICULATION and RESIDENCE at OXFORD.—A CLERGYMAN of considerable experience in Tuition receives PUPILS into his Home at Oxford, to prepare for Matriculation as Members of a College or as Unattached Students of the University. Arrangements can be made for the Residence of the latter after Matriculation, and also for special instruction in special Subjects of Study.—Address, M.A., Crenson House, Oxford.

MONSIEUR de FONTANIER'S COURSE of FRENCH INSTRUCTION.—Lectures, Classes, and Private Lessons, for CIVIL and MILITARY CANDIDATES, &c., continue to be held at King's College, and at his own Residence, 1a Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W.

FRAULEIN THUST (from North Germany), Professor of Music and German, attends PUPILS, or receives them at her Residence, 59 Ebury Street, Belgrave.—References to Families of distinction.

SOUTH of FRANCE.—A CLERGYMAN, on his return to the Continent, can take TWO PUPILS for the Winter.—Address, S. F., Mr. Henry Green, Advertising Agent, 119 Chancery Lane, London.

HEAD-MASTERSHIP of the GRAMMAR SCHOOL of GIGGLESWICK, near Settle, Yorkshire.—The Governors desire to receive Applications for the Office of HEAD-MASTER, accompanied by Testimonials, &c. The Head-Master must be a Member of the Church of England, and a Graduate of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin. The fixed Stipend is £250, and the Governors will assign a House for the residence of the Master rent-free.
The Emoluments contingent on the number of Boarders may raise the whole Annual Income to £750. An Account of the Duties, Privileges, and sources of Income may be obtained on application to WILLIAM HARTLEY, Esq., Solicitor, Settle, Yorkshire, to whom all Letters must be addressed.
Settle, October 1868.

VENTNOR.—DELICATE BOYS.—The Rev. NORMAN G. BROWN, B.A. Oxford, and formerly Assistant-Master at Bromsgrove School, receives a few BOARDERS. Good Grounds and Meadow. Pony could be kept. Terms, 60 to 100 Guineas.—The Grove, Ventnor.

TO THE NERVOUS and PARALYSED.—BRIGHTON.—Mr. HARRY LOBB, Surgeon-Electrician, having a VACANCY at his House, 2 Old Steine, offers to Patients the comforts of a Home, Sea Air, and the professional employment of the latest discoveries in Medical Electricity.—Apply to 31 Sackville Street, London; or 2 Old Steine, Brighton.

BEDFORD HOTEL, Brighton.—Every endeavour is made to render this Hotel equal to its long-existing repute. The Coffee-room, with extensive Sea-frontage, has been enlarged and improved. Communications to "The Manager" will be promptly attended to.

ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.—WINTER SEASON.—Warm and comfortable Rooms with a South Aspect. Bed, with Board in Public Rooms, and Attendance, 25 Guineas per Week.—Address, Mr. BOHN, Ilfracombe, North Devon.

NICE.—For TARIFF, &c., of the HOTEL des ANGLAIS, the new First-class Hotel facing the Sea, and under English Management, address the Secretaries, Mediterranean Hotel Company, Limited, Dove Court, Old Jewry, London; or to the Hotel, Nice.

TO the MEMBERS of the SENATE of the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE.

GENTLEMEN.—In the beginning of the present year you did me the great honour of electing me one of your Representatives. I have now to solicit the renewal of this trust, in the full hope that I have neither said nor done anything in the interval to forfeit the confidence which you then reposed in me.

I have earnestly striven to maintain the connection of the Universities and their Colleges with the Church of England, while labouring to extend their sphere of usefulness in every direction not inconsistent with that connection. I have also resisted, to the utmost of my power, the proposed Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Irish Church. Such has been my conduct in the past; such will it be in the future, if you again confer upon me the high distinction of representing your interests in Parliament.

I have the honour to remain,

GENTLEMEN,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

A. J. B. BELESFORD HOPE.

Arklow House,
October 26, 1868.

TO the ELECTORS of MID-SOMERSET.

GENTLEMEN.—At the unexpected request of a large and influential body of Electors in the Division I have been induced to come forward as a Candidate in the Liberal Interest.

I am a Liberal by conviction. The thought and study of years have brought my opinions into conformity with those of the most enlightened statesmen of the day, among whom, so far as one man can rightly bind himself to follow the lead of another, I recognise Mr. GLADSTONE as my chief.

To Mr. GLADSTONE's policy with regard to the Irish Church I give my hearty assent. I hold it contrary to every principle of religious freedom to maintain, as a national establishment, a Church which is not only the Church of a small minority, but is also a badge of conquest, an unhappy reminder of evil days, of which it should be our object, in all Irish policy, to wipe away the memory. I may add that, as an attached and conscientious member of the Church of England, I cannot consent to stultify the existence and the reputation of a religious establishment which I hold to be thoroughly righteous, on its connection with another religious establishment, whose circumstances are totally different, and which I hold to be thoroughly unrighteous.

While thankfully accepting many of the changes wrought by the late Reform Bill, that, above all, which has so largely increased the constituency of this Division, I feel that many of its provisions are imperfect and others distinctly evil, and that one great duty of a Reformed Parliament will be to reform the Reform Bill. I speak especially of the Ratepayers' Clauses and the Minority Clauses. I further hold that, as the example has been set of disfranchising several small Boroughs, including the only one in our own Division, the disfranchisement of several others must in consistency follow.

While holding that open voting is in itself the better mode of conducting Elections, yet, in the existing circumstances of many constituencies, I am prepared to support any proposal for Vote by Ballot.

Accepting the principle that Taxation and Representation should go together, I am prepared to consider any scheme for giving the Ratepayers of Counties some kind of control over local expenditure.

I accept the policy of Mr. GLADSTONE as to the reduction of the National Expenditure to the lowest point consistent with maintaining the honour of the country and the efficiency of the various public departments.

There are many other points on which you have a right to ask my opinions, but on matters of detail I hope to have opportunities of explaining my views to you face to face.

I stand as a Representative of purity of Election. I hold that a candidate who believes he can be of use in the Legislature of the country, and whose belief is confirmed by the unqualified request of many Electors, ought not to be debarred from coming forward because his means will not allow of a large Expenditure. And, as a landowner, a resident, and a member of the county, and as having for some years taken an active interest in its local affairs, I feel myself as much identified with the welfare of the Division, and as capable of representing its local interests in the great Council of the Nation, as men of greater estates.

On these principles I ask for your votes. I ask the Electors of Mid-Somerset. I ask especially of those who are attached to the principles of freedom and progress—principles which, as they are those of a vast majority of thoughtful Englishmen, I do not believe to be in a minority among a large and varied constituency like yourselves.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

Somerleaze, Wells, October 19, 1868.

HYDROPATHY.—SUBBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, S.W. Physician—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Turkish Baths.

THE MISCELLANEOUS LIBRARIES of B. M. OLIVER, ESQ., AND OTHER PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.

MESSRS. SOTHEY, WILKINSON, & HODGE, Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works Illustrative of the Fine Arts, will SELL by AUCTION at their House, 13 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on Tuesday, November 17, 1868, and Two following Days, at One o'clock precisely, the MISCELLANEOUS LIBRARIES of B. M. OLIVER, Esq., and other Private Collections, comprising Books in General Literature, Works of the Fathers of the Church, Rare Versions of the Poems of David, Service Books, &c., Topography and County History, Rare and Curious Tracts of the Cromwellian Period, Pamphlets relating to London, Greek, Latin, French, and Italian Classics, Books of Prints, Works of Standard Authors, &c., &c.

May be Viewed Two Days prior, and Catalogues had; if by post, on receipt of Three Stamps.

LARGE PROFIT on a SMALL OUTLAY.—WEST ST. IVES MINE seems about to equal the celebrated ST. IVES CON-OLDS, which it adjoins, and which has paid in Dividends £40,000 on a Capital of only £7,500, being more than sixty Times the sum outlaid. The Mine has been recently inspected by Captain JAMES FORBES, late of the 1st Buffs, a copy of whose Report, with full particulars of this valuable Property, will be sent on application (free) to Mr. HENRY THOMPSON, 174 Graham House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

A LARGE Increase has been made this Year in the Number of Patients in the CANCER HOSPITAL,rompton, the Governors feeling it a duty to respond to the liberal support the Charity has received.

The Summers have been further augmented in the belief that such support would continue to proceed with the demands for admission by the Poor afflicted with this dreadful disease, and it is hoped it will not be necessary to reduce the number of Beds, the maintenance of which is entirely dependent on further liberality.

Bankers—Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand.

Treasurer—Wm. Loxham Farrer, Esq., 66 Lincoln's Inn Fields.

By Order

Secretary's Office, 167 Piccadilly (opposite to Bond Street).

PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES.—At the COUNCIL MEETING, held at the London Tavern on Tuesday, after the usual routine Business, a Letter was read from the Treasurer, announcing that the late HENRY WATSON, Esq., of Kingston, had bequeathed £2,000 to build the Second Wing of the above most worthy Institution. The Collector was requested to make use of his most strenuous exertions to obtain the remainder of the £1,500 Guineas (now being collected) required for erecting the First Wing, so that the Bequest of the liberal Donor may become available for the completion of these most excellent Alms-houses.—Subscriptions will be most thankfully received by the Collector, Mr. C. FORBES, 14 Derby Street, Argyll Square, W.C.

METROPOLITAN CONVALESCENT INSTITUTION.

Asylum, Walton-on-Thames.

CHILDREN'S BRANCH, the Burroughs, Hendon, N.W.

President—His Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON.

Treasurer—Right Hon. RUSSELL GURNEY, M.P., Q.C.; Major W. LYON.

Chairman—Colonel W. F. GRANT.

Bankers—LONDON JOINT-STOCK BANK, 95 Pall Mall.

Convalescent Boys from Two to Ten, Girls from Two to Fourteen, are now admissible to the Convalescent Home at Hendon.

Donations and Subscriptions are earnestly solicited to meet the increased current Expenditure.

Office, 32 Sackville Street, Piccadilly.

CHARLES HOLMES, Secretary.

THE ROYAL INFIRMARY for CHILDREN and WOMEN, Waterloo Bridge Road. Instituted 1816.—The Sufferings of poor helpless Children from Disease and Poverty are such as to call forth the utmost sympathy and consideration of the Humane and Charitable.

This useful Hospital, which has done so much for the relief of increasing numbers of these poor little sufferers, urgently needs the support and generous assistance of the Benevolent.

CONTRIBUTIONS are earnestly solicited.

Bankers—Messrs. FULLER, BARNARD, & Co., 77 Lombard Street; and Messrs. CURTIS & Co., Strand.

150 Waterloo Bridge Road, S.

CHARLES J. F. RENTON, Secretary.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

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BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:

At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.

At 4 ditto ditto 3 ditto ditto

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Exceptional Rates for longer periods than Twelve Months, particulars of which may be obtained on application.

Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.

Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.

Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

ATTENTION IS INVITED TO THE REPORT OF THE SIXTH SEPTENNIAL INVESTIGATION OF THE**SCOTTISH AMICABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,**

And to the Special Pamphlet explaining its economical and popular system of

Minimum Premiums.—Copies free on application.

LONDON OFFICE.—1 THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.

FOUNDED 1836.

LEGAL AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

10 FLEET STREET, E.C.

Policies of this Society are guaranteed by very ample Funds; receive Nine-tenths of the total Profits as Bonus, enjoy peculiar "Whole-of-Profit" and other distinctive privileges; and are protected by special conditions against liability to future question.

Invested Funds £1,200,000

Annual Income 200,000

E. A. NEWTON, Actuary and Manager.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1 OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17 PALL MALL, LONDON.

Established 1803.

SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL, £1,600,000. LOSSES PAID, £3,000,000.

Fire Insurances granted on every description of Property, at Home and Abroad, at moderate rates.

Claims liberally and promptly settled.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Instituted 1820.

The Security of a Subscribed Capital of £750,000, and an Assurance Fund amounting to more than seven years' purchase of the total Annual Income.

Eighty per cent. of the Profits divided among the Assured every Fifth Year.

Assurances of all kinds, Without Profits, at considerably Reduced Rates.

Policies granted at very Low Rates of Premium for the First Five Years.

The most liberal Conditions in respect of Foreign Residence and Travel, Revival of Lapsed Policies, and Surrender Values.

Whole-World Licences free of charge, when the circumstances are favourable.

Endowments for Children, Annuities—Immediate, Deferred, or Reversionary.

Notices of Assignment registered and acknowledged without a fee.

The revised Prospectus, with full Particulars and Tables, to be obtained at the Company's Office in London, 1 Old Broad Street, E.C., and 16 Pall Mall, S.W., and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE,

1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

The Oldest Office in the Kingdom. Instituted for Fire Business, a.d. 1696. Extended to Life, 1866.

The Whole of the Profits divided Yearly amongst the Members.

RETURNS FOR 1865.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

LIFE DEPARTMENT—55 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of above Five Years' standing.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL (25th December 1865), £1,191,368.

The Directors are willing to appoint, as Agents, Persons of good Position and Character.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

(Established a.d. 1720, by Charter of King George I., and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.)

CHIEF OFFICE.—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; BRANCH.—29 PALL MALL.

OCTAVIUS WIGRAM, Esq., Governor.

JAMES STEWART HODGSON, Esq., Sub-Governor.

CHARLES JOHN MANNING, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.

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John Garratt Catlett, Esq.

Mark Currie Close, Esq.

Edward James Daniell, Esq.

William Davidson, Esq.

Lancelot William Dent, Esq.

Alexander Dring, Esq.

Frederick Joseph Edman, Esq.

Charles Hermann Gieschen, Esq.

Riverside Wm. Gieschen, Esq.

Francis Alex. Hamilton, Esq.

Robert Amadeus Heath, Esq.

William Tellow Hilbert, Esq.

Wilmot Holland, Esq.

Egerton Hubbard, Esq.

Neville Lubbuck, Esq.

Geo. Forbes Malcolmson, Esq.

Lord Joceline Wm. Percy.

Charles Robinson, Esq.

Samuel Leo Schuster, Esq.

Eric Carrington Smith, Esq.

Joseph Somers, Esq.

William Wallace, Esq.

Charles Baring Young, Esq.

Consulting Surgeon.—SAMUEL SOLLY, Esq., F.R.S.

FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.

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No Charge is made by this Corporation for Fire Policy or Stamp, however small the Assurance may be.

Life Assurances with or without participation in Profits.

Divisions of Profit every Five Years.

Any sum up to £15,000 insurable on the same Life.

The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.

A liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a Half.

A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in 1831.

NEW BUSINESS, 1865.

New Assurances effected during the Year £353,507

Annual Premiums thereon 12,410

POSITION OF THE SOCIETY AT MARCH 1, 1866.

Existing Assurances £5,281,248

Accumulated Funds 1,777,651

Annual Income 247,610

TENTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.

At the Tenth Triennial Division of Profits, £24,264 4s. 2d., payable at the death of the parties entitled thereto, was added to the Participating Policies; giving a Bonus at the rate of 4s. 10d. 3d. per annum on each £100 assured in the First Year of the Society; of £1 12s. 4d. on each £100 Policy of the Fifth Year; and of £1 10s. 2d. on each Policy of the Tenth Year; and so on.

TOTAL AMOUNT OF VESTED BONUS ADDITIONS, £1,706,164.

A Policy for £1000, effected in 1832, now amounts to £1810 17 10

A Policy for £1000, effected in 1837, now amounts to 1078 16 0

A Policy for £1000, effected in 1842, now amounts to 1529 3 3

And so on in proportion to the number of years the Policy has subsisted.

The Annual Report, 1865, Forms of Proposal, Rates, and all information, may be obtained at the Head Office, or any of the Branches or Agencies.

GEORGE TODD, Manager.

WM. FINLAY, Secretary.

HEAD OFFICE: 26 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, Edinburgh.

LONDON OFFICE: 50 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.

ARCHD. D. RITCHIE, Resident Secretary.

GUARDIAN FIRE and LIFE OFFICE

ESTABLISHED 1831.—11 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BONUS DIVISION.—New Life Assurances, in order to share in the next Division of Profits, must be effected before Christmas next.

Apply for Proposal Forms and Information to the Company's Agents, or the Secretary.

SETTLEMENT POLICIES may be effected with the NOR-

WICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY, either before or after Marriage, by which an inalienable Provision may be made for a Family at the expense only of the Ordinary Life Insurance Premium, and without the appointment of Trustees by the Assured.—For Prospectuses, showing the mode by which this object, hitherto unattainable, is carried out, apply to the Society's Offices, 50 Fleet Street, E.C.

DIVIDENDS 10 to 20 PER CENT.

The NOVEMBER Number now ready.

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It contains all the best-paying and safest Stock and Share Investments.

CAPITALISTS, SHAREHOLDERS, INVESTORS, TRUSTEES,

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Illustrated Price List, Two Stamps.

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Game, played by Two, Three, or more Persons.

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ROYAL GAME OF BÉZIQUE.—Cards, Rules, and Registers

complete. Four Styles, in elegant Boxes, 5s., 10s. 6d., 21s., and 42s.

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THE ZOETROPE; or, Wheel of Life; the greatest Wonder

of the Age. This marvellous Optical Toy, complete, with 12 strips of Figures, price 1s.

Carriage free for 50 Stamps.

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PARILOUR PASTIME, 50,000 Comical Transformations of Wit and Humour. Rules

Amusement for Parties of Two to Fifty. Post free for 14 Stamps.

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APPRAISERS,

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Ask the favour of a Call to look through their Stock.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, Tailors to the Queen, Royal Family,

and the Courts of Europe.

London, 114, 116, 118, 120 Regent Street, and 22 Cornhill; Manchester, 10 Mosley Street;

MESSRS. NICOLL'S CURRENT LIST OF PRICES.

FOR GENTLEMEN.

Evening Dress Coats £2 12 6 £3 3 0 £3 13 6

Sartout Frock Coats 3 3 0 3 13 6 4 4 0

Morning Coats 2 2 0 2 12 6 3 3 0

Trousers 1 1 0 1 8 0 1 15 0

FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

Highland Costume £2 2 0 £3 5 0 £3 8 0

Knickerbocker Dress 1 1 0 1 11 6 3 3 0

Sailors' Dress 1 5 0 1 15 0 2 2 0

Jacket, Vest, and Trousers' Suits 2 3 0 2 12 6 3 3 0

FOR LADIES.

Riding Habits £3 3 0 £4 4 0 £5 6 0

Pantaloon de Chasse 1 1 0 1 11 6 3 3 0

Travelling Suit, Jacket, Vest, and Skirt 2 12 6 2 12 6 3 3 0

New Registered Cloak 2 5 0 2 12 6 3 3 0

Waterproof Tweed Cloaks 1 1 0

SPECIALITIES IN OVERCOATS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Pilot Cloths, 25s., 42s., and 52s. 6d.; Melton Cloths, 42s., 52s. 6d., and 62s.; Beaver Winter

Cloth, 31s. 6d., 42s., 62s.; Treble Milled Cloth for Driving, 105s., 115s. 6d.; Real Fur Seal, lined

Silk, 24 guineas; Fur Beaver, lined Silk, 41s.; Quilted, 125s.

SPECIALITIES IN OVERCOATS FOR BOYS.

Frieze Cloth, 4 years of age, 15s. 6d.; 6 years, 17s.; 8 years, 18s. 6d.; 10 years, 20s.; 12 years,

21s. 6d.; 14 years, 23s.; 16 years, 24s. 6d.; Melton, Pilot, Beaver, or Witney Cloths, 4 years of

age, 22s. 6d.; 6 years, 24s. 6d.; 8 years, 26s. 6d.; 10 years, 28s. 6d.; 12 years, 30s. 6d.; 14 years,

32s. 6d.; 16 years, 34s. 6d.

SPECIALITIES IN JACKETS FOR LADIES.

Elegant, made of Real Fur Seal; Fur Beaver Cloths, and other suitable Woollen

Fabrics, exquisitely shaped, and made with the same superior finish as is so well known in

their celebrated Falcots for Gentlemen.

In each Department Garments are kept for immediate use, or made to measure at a few

hours' notice.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, Merchant Clothiers.

MOURNING FOR FAMILIES.—Messrs. JAY have always

at command experienced Dressmakers and Milliners, who act as Travellers, so that in

the event of immediate Mourning being required, or any other sudden emergency for Dress,

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| Best French Alva Mattresses..... | 13 0 | 16 0 | 18 0 |
| Best Cotton Flock Mattresses..... | 18 6 | 1 2 6 | 1 6 6 |
| Coloured Wool Mattresses..... | 1 0 0 | 1 5 0 | 1 8 6 |
| Best Brown Wool Mattresses..... | 1 5 6 | 1 11 6 | 1 14 6 |
| Best Brown Do., extra thick..... | 1 8 6 | 1 16 0 | 1 19 0 |
| Good White Wool Mattresses..... | 1 14 0 | 2 3 0 | 2 7 0 |
| Extra Super Do. Do..... | 3 0 0 | 3 13 0 | 4 1 0 |
| Good Horse Hair Do..... | 2 5 0 | 2 18 0 | 3 6 6 |
| Extra Super Do..... | 3 1 0 | 3 18 0 | 4 10 0 |
| German Spring Hair Stuffing..... | 3 12 6 | 4 7 6 | 4 15 0 |
| Extra Super Do..... | 4 10 0 | 5 10 0 | 6 0 0 |
| French Wool and Hair Mattress for use over spring..... | 2 17 0 | 3 15 0 | 4 4 0 |
| Extra Super Do. Do..... | 3 17 0 | 5 0 0 | 5 11 0 |
| Feather Beds, Poultry, in Good Tick..... | 1 16 6 | 2 7 0 | |
| Do. Do. Grey Goose, in Bordered Linen Ticks..... | 3 10 0 | 5 0 0 | 5 13 6 |
| Do. Do. Best White Do. in Best Linen..... | 4 17 0 | 6 17 6 | 7 12 0 |
| Feather Pillows, 3s. 6d. to 14s.; Bolsters from 6s. to 29s. 6d. | | | |
| Down Pillows from 10s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. | | | |
| Blankets, Counterpanes, and Sheets in every variety. | | | |

PATENT IRON BEDSTEADS, fitted with Dovetail Joints and Patent Sacking on Castors, from 11s. to 24s. Ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads in great variety, from £1 4s. to £45 5s.

FURNITURE, in complete suites for Bedroom, of Mahogany, Birch, Fancy Woods, Polished and Japanned Deal, always on show. These are made by WILLIAM S. BURTON, at his manufactory, 84 Newmarket Street, and every article is guaranteed. China Toilet Ware in great variety, from 4s. Set of Five Pieces.

GASLIERS in GLASS or METAL.—The increased and increasing use of Gas in private houses has induced WILLIAM S. BURTON to collect from the various Manufacturers in Metal and Glass all that is new and choice in Brackets, Pendants, and Chandeliers, adapted to offices, passages, and dwelling rooms, as well as to have some designed expressly for him; these are ON SHOW over his TWENTY LARGE ROOMS, and present, for novelty, variety, and purity of taste, an unequalled assortment. They are marked in plain figures, at prices proportionate with those which have tended to make his establishment the largest and most remarkable in the kingdom, viz. from 12s. 6d. (two-light) to £23.

DISH COVERS and HOT-WATER DISHES, in every variety, and of the newest and most recherche patterns, are on show at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S. Block Tin, 19s. the Set of Six; elegant modern patterns, 35s. 6d. to 49s. 6d. the Set; Britannia Metal, with or without silver-plated handles, £3 2s. to £6 8s. the Set of Five; electro-plated, £9 to £26 the Set of Four; Block Tin Hot-Water Dishes, with wells for gravy, 12s. to 30s.; Britannia Metal, 22s. to 80s.; electro-plated, on nickel, full size, £9.

CUTLERY WARRANTED.—The most varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is on sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales.

| IVORY HANDLES. | Table Knives per Dozen. | Dessert Knives per Dozen. | Carvers per Pair. |
|---|-------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------|
| | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. |
| 34-inch Ivory Handles..... | 13 0 | 10 6 | 5 6 |
| 34-inch Fine Ivory Balance Handles..... | 18 0 | 14 0 | 5 0 |
| 4-inch Ivory Balance Handles..... | 21 0 | 16 0 | 5 0 |
| 4-inch Fine Ivory Handles..... | 28 0 | 21 0 | 8 0 |
| 4-inch Finest African Ivory Handles..... | 34 0 | 27 0 | 12 0 |
| Do., with Silver Ferrules..... | 42 0 | 35 0 | 18 0 |
| Do., Carved Handles, Silver Ferrules..... | 55 0 | 45 0 | 18 0 |
| Nickel Electro-Silver Handles..... | 25 0 | 19 0 | 7 6 |
| Silver Handles, of any Pattern.. | 84 0 | 64 0 | 21 0 |
| BONE AND HORN HANDLES. | | | |
| KNIVES AND FORKS PER DOZ. | | | |
| White Bone Handles..... | 13 6 | 11 0 | 3 0 |
| Do., Balance Handles..... | 25 0 | 17 0 | 4 0 |
| Black Horn-Rimmed Shoulders..... | 18 0 | 13 6 | 4 0 |
| Do., very Strong Riveted Handles..... | 12 6 | 9 6 | 3 0 |

The largest Stock in existence of Plated Dessert Knives and Forks, and Fish-eating Knives and Forks and Carvers.

PAPIER MÂCHÉ and IRON TEA-TRAYS.—An assortment of TEA-TRAYS and WAITERS, wholly unprecedented, whether as to extent, variety, or novelty.

New Oval Papier Mâché Trays per Set of Three..... from 20s. to 10 guineas.
Ditto Iron ditto..... from 10s. to 4 guineas.
Convex-shape ditto..... from 7s. 6d.

Round and Gothic Waiters and Bread Baskets equally low.

BATHS and TOILET WARE.—WILLIAM S. BURTON has ONE LARGE SHOW-ROOM devoted exclusively to the display of BATHS and TOILET WARE. The Stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his establishment the most distinguished in this country. Portable Showers, 7s. 6d.; Pillar Showers, £3 to £5 12s.; Nursery, 15s. to 32s.; Sponging, 14s. to 22s.; Hip, 14s. to 31s. 6d. A large assortment of Gas Furnace, Hot and Cold Plunge, Vapour and Camp Showers Baths. Toilet Ware in great variety, from 13s. 6d. to 45s. the Set of Three.

CLOCKS, CANDELABRA, BRONZES, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON invites inspection of his Stock of these, displayed in two large Show-rooms. Each article is of guaranteed quality, and some are objects of pure Vertu, the productions of the first Manufacturers of Paris, from whom WILLIAM S. BURTON imports them direct.
Clocks..... from 7s. 6d. to £45.
Candelabra..... from 13s. 6d. to £16 10s. per Pair.
Bronzes..... from 18s. to £16 16s.
Lamps, Modesteur..... from 6s. to £3.
Pure Colza Oil, 3s. 4d. per Gallon.